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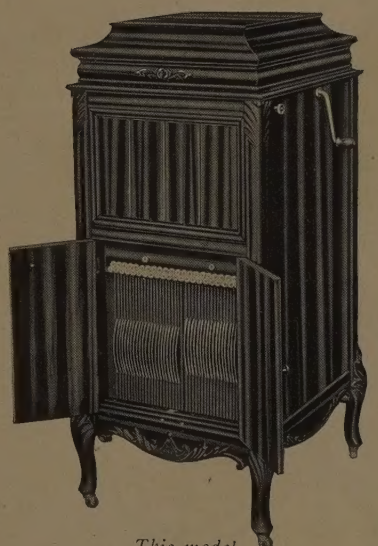

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OUR NEXT ISSUE

THE THEATRE for November will contain a number of features of exceptional interest. Mr. Alan Dale, the well-known critic, will continue his series of humorous *causeries* on theatrical topics. David Belasco, E. H. Sothern, George M. Cohan, Daniel Frohman, Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., May Robson, Mme. Nazimova, and other well-known managers and players will also contribute articles, making it one of the best numbers of this magazine thus far issued. Some of the articles are:

CLOTHES AND THE DRAMA

By ALAN DALE

Amusing article on the subject of stage fashions by America's wittiest writer which, making a special appeal to women, will be of great interest to both sexes.

REALISM VERSUS IDEALISM

By DAVID BELASCO

The famous play producer compares the old stage scenes with those the public demands to-day.

IF I WERE TO WRITE A PLAY

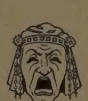
By E. H. Sothern, William Faversham, May Robson, and Mme. Nazimova.

These and other prominent players tell about the kind of play they would like to write.

WHY THE SENSUOUS APPEAL MUST PREVAIL

By MARTHA HEDMAN AND KITTY GORDON

These two popular actresses answer this question from their respective points of view, one for the musical production, the other for the legitimate theatre.



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EDITED BY ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE COVER:—Portrait in colors of Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Trilby

The colored portraits that appear on the covers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege and this applies to the inside contents of the magazine as well. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Phyllis Neilson-Terry, daughter of the well-known players, Fred Terry and Julia Neilson, and niece of Ellen Terry, was born in London. She made her début on the stage at the Opera House, Blackpool, October 1909, in "Henry of Navarre." Her first appearance on the London stage was made in the same play at the New Theatre. She scored an emphatic hit as Viola in "Twelfth Night" at His Majesty's Theatre, her father appearing as Sebastien. Following that she played Priscilla in "Priscilla Runs Away", Olive Kimber in "All That Matters", Rosalind in "As You Like It" and Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet." Later she appeared as leading woman for Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's Theatre, and became one of the most popular actresses on the London stage. Last season she made her American début at the Liberty as Shakespeare's Viola. Later she starred here in the title rôle of "Trilby" and was unusually successful. She is still appearing in this popular rôle.

THE STAGE STRUCK GIRL

Leading managers and well-known stars tell beginners just what qualifications are needed for success before the footlights.

THE FUNNIEST WOMEN ON THE STAGE

There are comparatively few original comic actresses, and in spite of their grotesque make-ups many of them are young and pretty. This article tells who they are, and illustrates how they look on and off the boards.

DIFFICULT THINGS STAGE HEROINES HAVE TO DO

An illustrated feature of odd situations which the leading ladies of modern drama have to portray.

THE GRAND OPERA SEASON

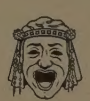
Something about the new operas and the singers that will be heard at the Metropolitan this year.

THE NEW PLAYS REVIEWED

STORIES OF THE CURRENT SUCCESSES TOLD IN PICTURE AND TEXT

A WEALTH OF ILLUSTRATIONS INCLUDING SCENES FROM ALL THE BROADWAY ATTRACTIONS

NEW PORTRAITS IN HALF TONE OF POPULAR STAGE FAVORITES



CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XXII. OCTOBER, 1915 No. 176

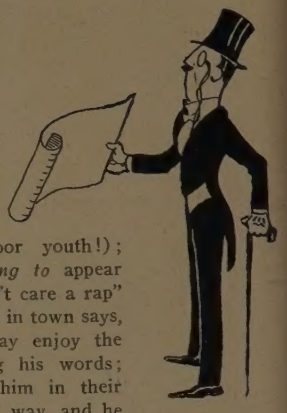
Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City.

White

MARY RYAN IN "THE HOUSE OF GLASS" AT THE CANDLER THEATRE

The Dramatic Critic

By Alan Dale

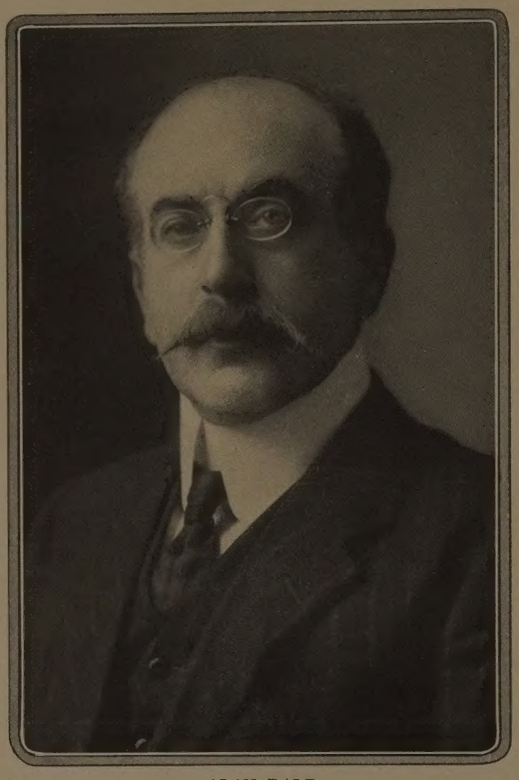


POOR youth! I watch him furtively, from the corner of an eye, as he nestles in the comfortable opulence of a luxurious aisle seat, on the "big" opening night of a highly heralded "Broadway" production. He is quite unrecognized, and perfectly happy. He wears a slouchy "business" suit, and a preoccupied look—a very apt combination—and he is somewhat aggressively contrasted with the gaudy, garish, overdressed, vulgarly jewelled collection of retired chorus girls, "resting" actresses, and those who accompany them to the unvarying function.

He is absolutely lacking in self-consciousness. Why not? He is the new "dramatic critic," assigned by his managing editor, to say what he thinks about the new play. Perhaps the managing editor is a cynic, and it is possible that a grim smile has curled his lip, as he told the inoffensive youth to say what he thinks. After all, it is just as easy to "think" for the advertising columns, as it is for the cause of verity, and justice, and art, and it is not nearly as painful!

* * *

So, from the corner of the eye, I watch him furtively. He is usually accompanied by a meek little wife, who is excited at the idea of seeing a new performance, under such comfortable circumstances. She cannot afford to vie with the spectacular magnificence of the "first-nighters." She wears her street gown—poor little girl!—and her inexpensive hat, but her face is more radiant than any you can see in that bored and fashionable assemblage. She is going to enjoy herself, and she is very proud of her poor youth's new "job."



ALAN DALE

Nobody talks to him, because nobody knows him. While everybody is bowing to everybody else, he sits there, and reads his program, perfectly undisturbed. He is pleased with his assignment. It is so restful, and so easy, he thinks. What could be simpler than to watch the unfolding of a dramatic story, and then—in unadorned English—discuss it for all it is or is not worth? Surely, it is the most luxurious assignment that a managing editor could dole out. He is actually paid to see a performance for which people outside are clamoring to buy tickets! Even the speculators, not recognizing him, of course, have offered their wares at ridiculous prices! Is it not grotesque?

* * *

Five years later, as they say in novels, and still, from the corner of an eye, I watch him furtively, with my usual sense of humor, under a cloud as it were, for the dividing line between comedy and tragedy, is not too sharply defined. No longer could I consistently allude to him as a "poor youth." It would be laughable to do so. As he comes down the aisle (and "comes down" is the best way of expressing it) he is evidently conscious of the fact that he is exceedingly recognized. The "first-nighters"whisper and nudge each other, and he hears his own name very frequently. The slouchy "business' suit has gone long ago. He is in immaculate evening dress, with the air of a "man about town" whatever that is. He is as well groomed as his next-seat neighbor, which is saying a good deal, for his next-seat neighbor is a wine-tout, in all his glory. The little girl who used to accompany him is still there. She too has fallen—I mean risen—to the occasion, and her gown is diaphanous and handsome.

The gay insouciance of his outlook has vanished. His stupefying importance confronts him on all sides. The manager greets him joyously (and the pictorial joy of a manager is unique in the records of joyousness); the "press-agent" stops him and tells him that his last Sunday article made a sensation on Broadway, and was the talk of the town (which he instantly believes, poor youth!); actors who are *going to* appear insist that they "don't care a rap" what any other critic in town says, as long as they may enjoy the privilege of reading his words; actresses smile at him in their winsome and artless way, and he cannot withstand the dulcet idea that they appreciate him for his intrinsic value to the community; and theatrical hopers—those who hope on, and hope evermore—go so far as to inform him that if it were not for his work the drama would die—yes, sir, die!

* * *

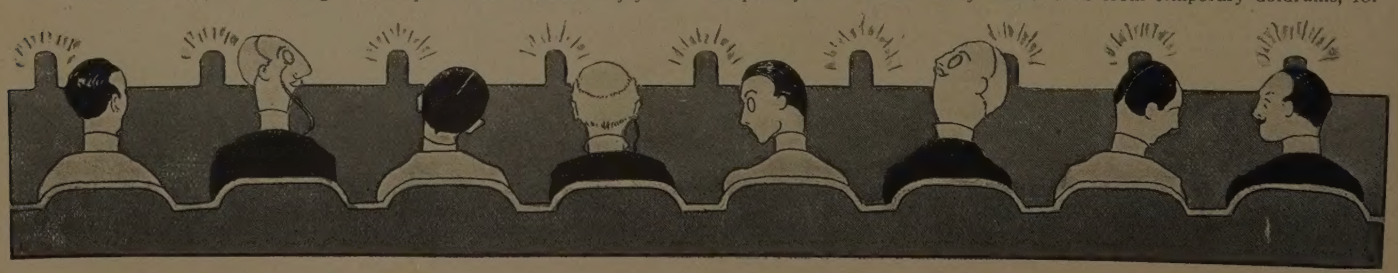
Though important, he is not happy. To be important, is usually to be wretched. The difference between the unruffled youth in his slouchy "business" suit, and this self-centered individual, who talks noisily to his acquaintances, as he "comes down" the aisle, is almost pathetic. His viewpoint has completely changed. No longer does he regard his assignment *as* an assignment. It has become a mission, by no means as easy as he was inclined to consider it at first. He is bound to admit to himself that it is hedged in on all sides by aggressive difficulties. Nobody in his office now tells him to say what he thinks. Let him dare to do it! There are lines on his face that betoken anxiety. He is five years older than five years should have made him. He has become a "personage," and he scarcely realizes when, how or why. As he leaves the theatre, he sees his name in electric lights, setting forth his alleged words anent some current attraction. The fact that perhaps the quotation was culled from headlines which he happened not to have written may disconcert him for a moment—for a moment only, because his name is there.

* * *

What has occurred to cause these wondrous changes in the life of one poor youth? The inevitable. As soon as the "new dramatic critic" ceases to write reportorial drivel, which he invariably ceases to write as his knowledge of the drama increases, he is a marked man. If it were possible to remain puerile, and non-committal, and dull forever, this poor youth would have another story to tell. But it is not possible. He has found himself appalled at the vapidity and inanity of one performance, and has been charged with eager enthusiasm at another. Reportorial drivel could not cover either case, and he has launched forth into views that pleased nobody but himself.

The drama has become something real, and he has grown to love it for its own sake. It is no longer an easy "job," to be enjoyed slothfully and carelessly. It is something to be cherished and adored; something to be studied and analyzed, something distinctly worth writing about. He has realized that the tone of criticism corresponds to the tone of the drama, and that reportorial drivel is the direct response to managerial trash.

In the seventies and eighties, when the drama in England was at its lowest ebb, when wretched, ill-made adaptations from the French enlisted the services of cheap hacks, and poverty-stricken translators, dramatic criticism went under. Any fool wrote about the "drama." The newspaper selected their least valuable reporter, and sent him to the theatre. The danger was that he *might* be too good for the despicable job allotted to him. Slowly the English drama reared itself from its Slough of Despond just as drama always rears itself from temporary doldrums, for



the drama as an art, is unkillable. The tone of dramatic criticism from mere reportorial drivel, rose to an artistic value. Men, who a few years earlier, wouldn't have touched it with a forty-foot pole, were induced to write about it. Editors came to its rescue, and employed men who had style, artistic appreciation, dramatic intuition, and all the rest of the requirements of the real critic; and the situation was saved. The situation is always saved in precisely that manner, and lost again when, in the swish and swash and speculation of the theatre, grown sordid, independence and truth assume dangerous proportions, and—must naturally be squelched!

* * *

The lines of care in the once poor youth's face are due to this knowledge. He has become a personage through no fault of his own, as he took his "mission" seriously. He has been caressed, applauded, and feared. I shall never forget his exultation as he told me how Sarah Bernhardt, whom he had once interviewed during her visit to the United States, had remembered his name the next time she came over, and had actually interviewed *him*.

He had chatted with the perennial Mrs. Langtry, and as she had prepared to utter her saccharine words, she had remarked: "Let me—oh, please let me sit at your feet. You can never know how your writings appeal to me. I do not read London criticisms, but yours—always!"

Managers subtly sympathetic—*timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*—had archly begged him to co-operate with them, and perhaps "novelize" their drama, or adapt something from the French or German that would be "in his line." Often have they wondered why he did not write a play himself, for if he did, they would love to read it, with a view, of course, to its production.

Invitations to the country homes of popular stars have poured in upon him, and no human being, under such pressure, can resist the belief that he is liked for himself—*occasionally!* It is detestable to look for ulterior motives everywhere; to think the worst of everybody, and to go through life like a machine, grinding out comment, review, and criticism, endlessly and irrevocably.

* * *

So they have made of him a "personage." They have created a distinct force. Into a lay figure they have breathed the breath of a vivid and tremendous entity, with the power to make them or to mar them. They have appealed to his vanity; they have awakened his *ego;* they have placed him on a pinnacle to suit their own greedy ends, and for a time, being a fool, he lives in a fool's paradise. He sees himself as he thinks they see him, and as they *don't* see him. He fails to realize that they are laughing at him, in their sleeves, and that his doom is certain. To him, it is invisible.

Even the meek little girl who has accompanied him for so long to the theatre, shares his importance. "Great" actresses invite her to tea, and are bored to death at her ingenuous domesticity. They hang on her words, so to speak, and as the poor little girl has none that are worth while, she marvels at the cordiality of her reception. They tell her what a great man her poor boy is; how astounding is his vocabulary; with what deftness he can "pick a winner"; how astute are his remarks, and what a power all over the world he has become. Soon the "personal note" creeps into his reviews. The people who have been so gorgeous to him, begin to look gorgeous upon the stage. Moreover, he knows their lives. He is sorry for the actress who is trying to make a name for herself so that she can give her young family the advantages they need. He grieves for the actor who has played such a hard game all his life, because recognition has been so belated.

He is hampered on all sides. Letters from despondent mothers reach him, beseeching him, for the sake of his own dear parents, to be merciful to the little girl about to appear. Actors, overwhelmed with debts, implore him to look leniently upon their efforts. Somebody in the office has a friend in the cast who clamors to be noticed—favorably, of course. It happens that an entire cast has directly or indirectly asked for his attention. He is such a personage! His name is everywhere. The biggest manager in New York "facsimiles" his signature, just as though he were a President or a King.

* * *

The tortures that poor boy suffers in the "greatness" that has been forced upon him! How *can* a critic be great? All he is supposed to do (with an emphasis on the "supposed") is to tell the truth, and people have done that for centuries without being great. Nor is it even possible for him to write reviews that will be handed down to poor old posterity, for he has forty minutes at his disposal, and not even the Hazlitts and the Aristotles who are perpetually suggested to him as shining examples of what he should emulate, could evolve anything enduring at such reckless speed. Moreover, Hazlitt would not last one week in New York at the present time. Imagine what Hazlitt *might* have to say about—er—"Some Baby."

A certain force that he has possessed—due, of course, to the enthusiasm of youth—has been mistaken for "greatness." He has said what he approved, and what he disapproved, with warmth and perhaps humor. This, contrasted with the reportorial drivel of others—has given him a purely fictitious value, and that value the alert manager has recognized, and deftly cherished, until he begins to realize that he has created a monster who may crush him. Frankenstein, of course, all over again. Never has the legend applied to anybody so appropriately, as to the luckless worker known as the "dramatic critic," who has no position anywhere either in the theatre or in the newspaper office—a veritable Ishmael!

The monster that they have created must be killed. The lay figure into which they have breathed a life that has assumed such hideous proportions, must be demolished. The work of destruction must set in at once. Why should the thing they have vested with such importance injure their "commerce"? Why should newspapers pay men to contradict their lawfully paid-for advertisements? Managers dole out their coin to say that they are selling good drama, giving good weight, and fulfilling the requirements of the pure play laws. Why not let them alone? Is it not delightfully simple? Look at the dry-goods stores. Are men permitted to go there, and announce to the public that lovely bales of silk are moth-eaten? Perish the thought!

* * *

And then the *degringolade!*

Poor youth! I see him again, loathing his "importance" but still marvelling at it, and perhaps trying to realize how it started—an impossible task. One grows important so insidiously, you see. The effect of the poison is cumulative. It is a slow and a disagreeable process, but a sure and a deadly one. The act of demolition is cruel, but to the outsider, amusing. There is a good deal of humor in it as there is in a bull fight, when you have seen it more than once—the same sort of humor, too—exactly!

The inflated monster slowly—deflates! I watch him again, furtively, from the corner of an eye. He has written a particularly scathing article on a pet production of the very manager who perhaps has set up the headline that he didn't write, in electric light. Immediately after this, a loyal comrade in his own office has written another article, contradicting his in every detail, and just opposite that eloquent outburst, he may perceive the large, legitimately paid advertisement of the aforesaid manager. He is still there to tell the truth, and to find it contradicted by his own comrades—and he wonders at his own importance and his elusive "greatness."

He faintly sees the humor of the thing, because this is really Gilbertian and deliciously topsy-turvy, but he is no longer able to write reportorial drivel. Since they insisted that his reviews were admirable in their concise and intuitive method, the habit of being concise and intuitive has grown upon him. Bad habits grow so quickly! He would like to babble around it all innocuously, but he cannot. He feels too deeply to babble. He said to me solemnly—poor owl!—"I want you to remember this, for it is a matter of record: whenever the men known as dramatic critics become better than the drama that they criticize—whenever the ideals of the dramatic reviewers soar to heights far above those aspired to by the producers of drama, then the cry arises, 'The dramatic critic must go!' And for that deplorable time being, it is quite true. He must go."

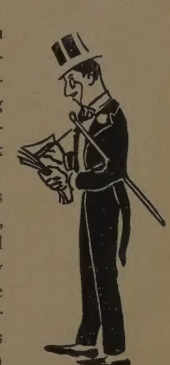
* * *

I laugh. The monster they have created is so serious about it all. He can be indignant at an illiterate play, and teemingly enthusiastic at a meritorious offering. Isn't it weird?

"My dear chap," I say. "You talk as though the theatre were one of the big issues of life, and it is nothing of the sort. It is just as small as managers make it. Think of the dry-goods stores." (I always love to think of the dry-goods stores!) "Just see how splendidly they get along without any critics at all."

He winces. "But you see what you buy at a dry-goods store," says the poor disillusioned boy, "and, of course, you can't see what you buy at the theatre, until you have bought it."

"But you are not obliged to buy it," I retort, "and you are obliged to buy dry goods. You needn't go to the theatre at all. It is not at all necessary, and it is quite expensive. Moreover, a very bad play is more amusing than a very good one, I think, and, of course, a bad overcoat or necktie isn't amusing at all. It makes you look silly."



The monster slowly deflates. The disloyalty that is meted out to him by the comrades with whom he has worked, is emphasized by those who have created him, and forced his *ego* out of its shell. He is barred from theatres, by the men who have applauded the honesty with which he told the truth—about others! He is not permitted to enter the portals guarded by those who loved to cater to his perfectly human vanity. (*Continued on page* 199)

© E. O. Hoppé

Adolf Bolm and Thamara Karsavina in "Prince Igor"

THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN BALLET TO BE SEEN AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Perhaps the most important artistic event of the present season will be the appearance at the Metropolitan this winter of the Imperial Russian Ballet under the direction of M. Serge de Diaghilew. Individual members of this renowned troupe have already danced in New York, but this will be the first time that the Imperial Russian Ballet will be seen in its remarkable *ensemble*. The decorations are those of Leon Bakst. The troupe's first appearance in Europe, outside of Russia, was at the Théatre du Châtelet, Paris, in 1905, and it has revisited the French capital and other continental cities each year since, except last winter when all dates were cancelled owing to the outbreak of the war. The troupe has a repertoire of twelve ballets, danced to the music of Tchaikovsky, Chopin, Schumann, Debussy, Richard Strauss, Steinburg, Tcherepnin, Weber, Schmitt, and other composers, and staged with all the Oriental splendor and marvelous color combinations with which the name of Bakst is associated. The artists include Mlle. Karsavina, première danseuse; M. Nijinsky, said to be the greatest dancer since Vestris; M. Bolm and Leonide Miassine.

At The Theatres

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Kate Sarjeantson and Marie Tempest in J. M. Barrie's playlet "Rosalind" at the Lyceum

ASTOR. "Hit-the-Trail Holliday." Prohibition play in which George M. Cohan, the author, makes facetious use of Billy Sundayism.

BELASCO. "The Boomerang." Amusing comedy, cleverly acted by Martha Hedman, Wallace Eddinger, and other favorites.

BOOTH. "My Lady's Garter." A dramatization of a story by the late Jacques Futrelle.

CANDLER. "The House of Glass." Emotional drama dealing with a woman unjustly accused of crime.

CASINO. "The Blue Paradise." A merry musical play by Edgar Smith, based on a Viennese operetta and presenting a London comedian of repute and popularity.

CENTURY. "Town Topics." Colossal vaudeville show with music, burlesque, many well-known players and enormous chorus.

COHAN. "Cousin Lucy." Typical Julian Eltinge show in which this well-known female impersonator wears some startling gowns.

COMEDY. "Just Boys." Another American comedy of the style so prevalent this season, dealing with juveniles.

EMPIRE. "Grumpy." Limited return engagement of Cyril Maude in his popular success "Grumpy."

FORTY-EIGHTH ST. "A Married Mistress." New problem play by Charles Kenyon, author of "Kindling."

FULTON. "Some Baby." Mildly amusing farce in three acts by Zellah Covington and Jules Simonson.

GAIETY. "Young America." Simple little story of a boy and his dog with a scene showing a juvenile court in session. Full of tears and laughter.

GLOBE. "Chin Chin." Those favorite comedians, Montgomery and Stone, in last season's great hit.

HARRIS. "Rolling Stones." Melodramatic farce, full of thrills and laughter, and well acted.

HUDSON. "Under Fire." Blood and thunder drama of the present European war.

LONGACRE. "The Girl Who Smiles." Tuneful musical comedy by the authors of "Adele" with elaborate mise-en scène.

LYCEUM. "The Duke of Killicrankie." Well acted revival of Robert Marshall's farcical romance, and one act play entitled "Rosalind" by J. M Barrie.

LYRIC. "Two Is Company." Another musical piece by the authors of "The Girl Who Smiles."

MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE. "Stolen Orders." Spectacular war melodrama direct from Drury Lane, London.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "Our Children." Old fashioned but well acted comedy drama with Emmett Corrigan in a new rôle.

PARK. "No. 33 Washington Square." Interesting play with May Irwin in one of her usual comedy rôles.

REPUBLIC. "Common Clay." Sociological drama, highly dramatic, affording Jane Cowl emotional opportunities. Rather weak ending.

SHUBERT. "The Road to Happiness." William Hodge in a bucolic comedy with rural types. Simple and charming story of "Way Down East" variety.

WINTER GARDEN. "The Passing Show of 1915." An exquisite ballet and fashion exhibit, but lacking in real "punch."

REPUBLIC. "Common Clay." Drama in four acts by Cleves Kinkead. Produced on August 26th with this cast:

Mrs. Fullerton, Ida Darling; Richard Fullerton, Russ Whytall; Anne Fullerton, Margaret Anderson; Edwards, Roy Cochrane; Ellen Neal, Jane Cowl; Arthur Coakley, Dudley Hawley; Hugh Fullerton, Orme Caldara; Judge Samuel Filson, John Mason; Miss Warren, Lela Lee; W. P. Yates, Robert McWade; Judge of Police Court, John Ravoli; Mrs. Neal, Mabel Colcord.

The trials of the hard-working girl make up the subject matter of Cleves Kinkead's American drama. At eleven thirty in the evening Ellen Neal, the heroine, arrives at the Fullerton residence to take up the duties of parlor maid. Then the fates begin to work. The middle-aged butler singles her out for attentions, quite out of keeping with his years. Next appears, intoxicated, one of the guests, Arthur Coakley, who a year before seduced her from the straight and narrow path. Ellen next encounters Hugh Fullerton, who snares the hunted Ellen, for at the beginning of the next act he is found to be the defendant in a suit for the support of his illegitimate child. Fullerton père engages Judge Filson to get his boy out of trouble. To show Ellen up as a woman of loose morals Coakley agrees to testify to his relations with the girl; but a new twist is given to affairs when the precious Coakley is himself made a defendant. An excellent act this, handled with a fine sense of dramatic proportion and capacity for projecting the interest. Next comes the scene in the police court. Ellen, in a broken eloquent way, testifies as to why girls go wrong. Under Filson's cross-examination the truth is revealed, Ellen is Filson's daughter by a woman who drowned herself. So far admirably interesting. But alas, the curtain did not drop there. No, Filson must reveal his paternity to Ellen, but as he is unwilling as yet to announce it publicly, poor Ellen naturally looks upon his fatherly advances as another mask against her sex, but finally they fall in each other's arms. A distressing anti-climax which is only equalled by the epilogue, false and unconvincing, which follows. Magda-like, Ellen returns, ten years later, a great singer, to the home of the Fullertons. Hugh and she meet, and every indication is given that Ellen's little ten-year-old will have a father in name as well as fact. It must thus be seen that Mr. Kinkead's play is a work of very uneven merit. Very real and convincing is Jane Cowl's revelation of Ellen's ordeal. The moral weakling, Coakley, is capitally characterized by Dudley Hawley. John Mason is soundly judicious as Filson, and Russ Whytall as the perturbed father entirely successful. Two really splendid impersonations, vital, real and sustained, are contributed by Robert McWade as a police court lawyer, and Mabel Colcord as Ellen's putative mother.

CANDLER. "The House of Glass." Play in four acts by Max Marcin. Produced on Sept. 1st with this cast:

Nellie, Lila Rhodes; Margaret Case, Mary Ryan; Mrs. Brandt, Ada Gilman; Frank, Sam Meyers; James Burke, Frank M. Thomas; Carroll, Thomas Findlay; Crowley, James C. Marlowe; Watson, John Fenton; Harvey Lake, Frederick Burt.

Margaret Case is convicted of a crime she did not commit, serves part of her term, and is released on parole which she breaks. In the West she marries a railroad president. Her nemesis is the insistent detective who secured the original conviction. When she returns to the East with her husband, he is about to show her up, but executive clemency is brought to bear, because the railroad president agrees to legally let up on a dishonest youth in whom the Governor of the State is interested. Rather clumsy at best, this solution, entailing, as it does, a vast amount of talk about a youth who is not seen and in whom no one takes the slightest interest. But the heroine is provided with a succession of highly moving emotional scenes. Mary Ryan is the exponent of this young woman who in the first act is pictured as a stenographer radiantly happy at the prospect of marrying a young man who turns out to be a thief. Later as a reformed convict, with a fine sense of poetic justice, who does his best to circumvent the detective and acquit Miss Ryan of the false charge for which she suffered, Frank Thomas is human, earnest and convincing. Miss Ryan was unaffectedly sincere as Margaret Case, afterwards Mrs. Lake. Frederick Burt was contained and dignified as the husband, a somewhat difficult task, as the author makes him out a cad at a crucial point. The detective, with the inordinate sense of duty, is acted with crisp, incisive determination by Thomas Findlay.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "Our Children." Comedy drama in three acts by Louis K. Anspacher. Produced on September 10th with this cast:

Willybald Engel.....Emmett Corrigan	Rosie .....Amy Denis
Theodore .....Ralph Morgan	Spencer Hutton.....Arthur Lewis
Hertha .....Christine Norman	Harriet .....Alma Tell
Sophy .....Elizabeth Aariens	Vaughan Leland.....Gavin Harris
Anastasius Scheible.....Albert Bruning	Richard Hellman.....Alphonz Ethier

"Our Children" is an old-fashioned play only in the sense that it deals with such old fashioned things as human nature, domestic affections, and

White
MR. JULIAN ELTINGE
In "Cousin Lucy" at the Cohan Theatre

social ambition misdirected after the acquirement of wealth. An old New England shoemaker, suddenly rich, is foolishly fond of his son, for whom he provides a partnership in a brokerage firm, expecting him to become a man of consequence and to marry the fashionable daughter of a banker. The future of his own daughter he is blind enough to treat as negligible, accepting her devotion and self-effacement as the natural incident of home life. She was not in his scheme of social advancement, and when she accepts the proposal of marriage made by the honest foreman in her father's factory, he shows them both the door. The son really loves a simple and charming girl, but he is about to marry the banker's daughter, when the brokerage firm fails owing to the rascality of the partner, while the son, who has obtained money from the banker's daughter, disappears with the girl he has loved since their childhood together. Thus the old shoemaker's plans are brought to nothing, his fortune is lost, and he must return to the bench. He had tried to set aside the law of love in young hearts. He had been willing to deny his own heart in denying happiness to his daughter, and now finds life comfortable and worth living on the old terms. This is a simple story, almost plotless, but it has the charm of naturalness. Emmett Corrigan as the father, fond to his son, stern to his daughter, quarrelsome in his amiability with his old friend who visits him for a chat over beer and a pipe, always at odds with the faithful old housekeeper, provides an impersonation of the kind that modern drama seems to have, in too great a measure, departed from.

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Ferdinand Gottschalk Marie Tempest
SCENE IN "THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE" AT THE LYCEUM

FULTON. "Some Baby." Farce in three acts by Zellah Covington and Jules Simonson. Produced on August 16th with this cast:

Sylvia Smythe.....Francine Larrimore	Sheriff Higgins.....Gilbert Clayton
Alvina Smythe.....Emma Janvier	Dr. Josiah Smythe.....Frank Lalor
Mrs. Vivvert.....Beth Franklyn	Mrs. Philip Jones.....Sara Biala
Philip Stanton.....John Arthur	Philip Jones.....Robert Lewis
Gen. George Linney.....Ernest Stallard	"Judge" Sanderson.....Sam Edwards

A Professor is engaged in experiments on an Elixir of Life, something that will arrest age and bring back youth to him who drinks it according to formula. It was not within his calculations that, improperly used, it might reduce an adult to babyhood. It really is not as potent as that, but its merits as a good hair restorer are finally demonstrated. Imagine the enormous labor involved in the efforts of a comedian of the first-class who can usually make you laugh by the twitch of a muscle or the suggestion of a bodily contortion to make you believe that the Professor believes in his own Elixir and to get you to laugh at him. There is an old General, of about sixty-five, who wants to marry the Professor's sixteen-year-old daughter. The Professor naturally extols the virtues of his find, and after some talk leaves a bottle of it with him. The General has occasion to retire from the room, but not before he has knocked over the bottle and spilled its contents. A fire breaks out in the neighborhood and a mother comes in and deposits her baby on the sofa for safety while she returns to the scene of the fire. The Professor finds the baby there and, seeing the empty bottle, naturally believes that the baby is the General. The Professor goes out for a moment and during his absence a second baby is brought in and deposited on the sofa. The Professor again returns and on finding the second baby believes that it is his sixteen-year-old daughter reduced to the cradle again. It need hardly be said that the mystery of the babies is easily solved. Frank Lalor, one of the most entertaining comedians of the day, kept the audience in constant laughter as the Professor. Ernest Stallard was interesting as the old General, and Emma Janvier effective as the maiden sister.

COHAN. "Cousin Lucy." Comedy in three acts by Charles Klein with musical numbers by Jerome Kern. Produced on August 27th last with the following cast:

B'ster.....Dallas Welford	James Baldwin.....Ned Burton
Klayburgh.....Leo Donnelly	Angela Baldwin.....Olive Tell
Horace Holden.....Austin Webb	Dorothy Walbrook.....Clairborne Foster
Mrs. Hillary Bronson..Marie Chambers	Miss Henshaw.....Edith Hanbury
Hillary Bronson.....Mark Smith	Mrs. Wallingford....Mrs. Stuart Robson
Jerry Jackson.....Julian Eltinge	Broad.....J. W. Ashley

A considerable number of persons resent the appearance on the stage of female impersonators, and the more capable they are in the presentation of feminine charms, vagaries and foibles the more deep-rooted becomes the prejudice. On the other hand there would seem to be a still greater number who fairly batten on such anomalous fare. Julian Eltinge, the real leader in this curious form of art, has made a fortune imitating the fair sex. At present he is the star in a so-called comedy in three acts by the late Charles Klein entitled "Cousin Lucy." The memory of the ill-fated dramatist who perished on the *Lusitania* will not be enhanced by this, his farewell contribution to the stage. "Cousin Lucy" is a common-place made-to-order piece founded on impossible law, and kept going by an unconscionable amount of uninspired talk, but such vogue as it may obtain will rest solely upon the wonderful sartorial display which Mr. Eltinge and a corps of comely females make during its several acts. Melville Ellis designed these frocks and very beautiful and artistic they are too. Women on this account will revel in the show, if for no other reason. Jerome Kern has contributed the majority of the musical numbers, quite up to his titillating standard.

ASTOR. "Young America." Play in three acts by Fred Ballard (suggested by the Pearl Franklin, Mrs. Doray Stories). Produced on August 28th with the following cast:

Jack Doray.....Otto Kruger	Art Simpson.....Percy Helton
Edith Doray.....Peggy Wood	The Dog..... Jasper
Benny King.....Sam Coit	Teresa McGuire.....Maxine Mazanovich
Billy Coombs.....William Sampson	Isaac Slavinsky.....Joseph Berger
Romney Burgess.....Edgar Nelson	Washington White.....Norman Allen
Fanny King.....Doris Kelley	Judge Palmer.....Forrest Robinson
Marjorie Timins.....Ethel May Davis	Nutty Beemer.....Benny Sweeney

This play of a boy and a dog will prove innocuous to the youngest and freshest playgoers. Such plot as there is provides for a most interesting and well-studied second act which represents a session of a Juvenile Court. It is amusingly diversified by types of young "bad men" and it sounds true. Forrest Robinson appears as the judge in this scene and pleasantly dominates it. A touch of natural pathos is given here, too, by Benny Sweeney, who plays the rôle of a tough boy. Percy Helton is the persecuted boy hero; he gives a natural interpretation to a rather monotonous character, but unfortunately he seems to be too mature for it. Jasper, the dog, easily takes the honors. Jasper has a long part, showing joy, sorrow, anxiety, grief and anger, and when he is supposed to be near death's door—after being run over by an auto—Jasper is war-

ranted to bring down any house in applause by looking so pitifully sorry for himself. Why hasn't Jasper been seen before on Broadway? He is surely an actor of wide experience. Let us hope that Jasper will stay until all of New York's Young America have had a chance to see him.

PARK. "No. 33 Washington Square." Play in four acts by Leroy Scott. Produced on August 23rd with this cast:

Mrs. DePeyster.....Ffoliott Paget	Mrs. Gilbert.....Julia Ralph
Jack DePeyster.....John Junior	Dr. Pyecroft.....Leonard Hollister
Judge Harvey.....Charles B. Welles	Mr. Mayfair.....George Clarke
Miss Gardner.....Charlotte Carter	Mary Morgan.....Georgia Olp
Matilda.....May Irwin	Lieutenant Sullivan....Joseph Woodburn
William.....Lark Taylor	Charlie.....Richard Collins
Olivette Harmon.....Clara Blandick	Bill.....Max Meyer

May Irwin personally has such a genuine sense of humor and understands so well what counts on the stage, that usually she gets everything possible out of her play, good or bad. She gets a good deal out of "No. 33 Washington Square," but somehow the play falls short of coming up to its opportunities. The story is ingenious and the action full of chances for that comedy and farcical acting that inspires those who know how to do it. A rich New York widow is so anxious to keep up appearances that when her income is cut down she gives up a trip abroad and decides to put up the shutters of her town house, living there during the summer but giving it out that she is abroad. The widow's faithful servant, Matilda (May Irwin), is the resourceful one who takes charge of the situation and whose advice is followed, in the succeeding emergencies, with results that are exceedingly amusing.

SHUBERT. "The Road to Happiness." Comedy in four acts by Lawrence Whitman. Produced on August 30th with this cast:

Jim Whitman.....William Hodge	Asa Hardcastle.....A. W. Clark
Benjamin Hardcastle.....Scott Cooper	Judge Stevenson.....Edwin Melvin
Walter Hardcastle.....Sidney Riggs	Viola Winthrop....Marguerite Batterson
James Porter.....George Lund	Eva Hardcastle.....Miriam Collins
William Ackerman.....Howard Morgan	Mrs. Whitman.....Ida Vernon
Rev. Mr. Speakon.....Taylor Carroll	Mrs. Hardcastle.....Gladys Fairbanks
Phil Hunt.....A. L. Evans	Martha Hardcastle.....Marie Haynes

It requires considerable confidence in himself and in his play for an actor to bring a rural drama to New York. But wherein is New York nature different from human nature? "Shore Acres" and "The Old Homestead" were as profitable and popular here as anywhere in the country. "The Road to Happiness" has the qualities that insure it a foothold on or just off Broadway. It is a very cruel man who would drive away a girl of his household from his door on her arrival from boarding school because that girl's mother finds a baby on the doorstep coincident with her daughter's arrival and draws unwarranted conclusions. But this very unreasoning injustice is so strong and so characteristic of the old farmer that his cruelty seems natural. Such a happening is very unusual, but such an old wrong-head exists in rural communities. The play is well acted. William Hodge sustains his reputation.

HARRIS. "Rolling Stones." Melodramatic-comedy in four acts by Edgar Selwyn. Produced on August 17th with this cast:

Buck Ryder.....Harrison Ford	Norma Noggs.....Marie Carroll
Jericho W. Braden...Arthur Aylesworth	Nettie.....Elizabeth Lee
Charles Brannigan.....Harry Bradley	Emma Braden.....Rae Selwyn
Mrs. Brannigan.....Beatrice Ingram	Dave Fulton.....Charles Ruggles
Anna Anderson.....Marguerite Skirvin	Strawbridge.....Dan Jarrett
Fulsom Rice.....Frank Kingdon	Dennison.....James Kearney

A melodramatic-farce, this, with a forty-two centimeter bombardment of thrills and laughs that will undoubtedly capture the town. Two young men, Fulton and Ryder by name, feeling that the world owes them a living, undertake to collect their due by means of Fulton's impersonating one Jericho Braden, who has just come into a fortune, and who is thought to have been killed in a wreck. Of course, he wasn't killed; he is right in their midst, living, for purposes of his own, under the name of Jap Walter. There is a hold-up, a safe-cracking, an arrest for murder, and several other stirring melo-drams, all of which combined with a novel farce situation and clever dialogue, go to make an excellent evening's entertainment. Charles Ruggles, who played Fulton, the imposter, has just breezed in from the West bringing his breeze with him. His first appearance

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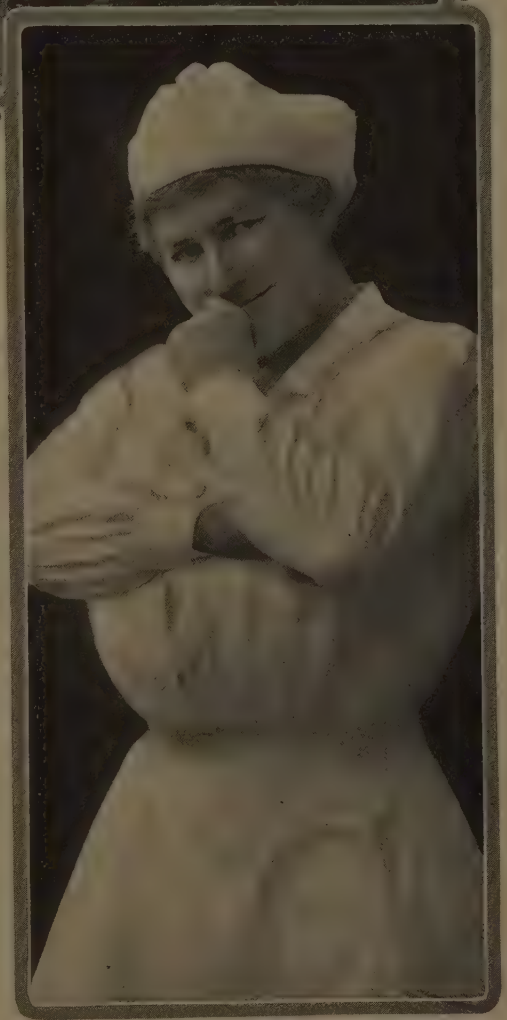
White

SCENE IN "THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS" AT THE SHUBERT
(Inset—William Hodge)



White

MAY IRWIN
in "No. 33 Washington Square" at the Park

Photos White Anatole (Paul Decker) Paul Fabre (William Danforth) Marie (Natalie Alt)

A wealthy father quarrels with his children. His daughter is ordered to marry a fool with money. The son is told to wed the fool's sister. François, an artist, comes to the house and Marie, the daughter, falls in love with him and runs after him to Paris. Next we are in the Latin Quarter. François is

Alphonse (Fred Walton) Pauline (Marie Fanchonetti) Grace Leigh and George Baldwin dancing the *Hesitation Waltz* in the Studio Scene in the Latin Quarter

about to be evicted from his studio. Marie buys a painting and Bohemia celebrates. Marie is still smiling when her father comes to take her home. She chooses to stay with the artist and they are happily married, the final act finding them once more at the country home.

Marie (Natalie Alt) François (George Baldwin) Paul Decker Lillian Spencer William Danforth Ralph Bunker Jennie Dickerson

SCENES IN "THE GIRL WHO SMILES" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE LONGACRE THEATRE

Photos White Dudley Hawley Jane Cowl
Act I. Coakley recognizes the maid as a former dance hall acquaintance

Jane Cowl Orme Caldara
Act I. The son tells the maid he loves her

Ellen Neal is a housemaid in the home of a rich family in the middle west. The son makes advances to the girl and seduces her. When a child is born, the family try to discredit the unhappy mother by making out that she is a dance hall frequenter of unsavory reputation. The case comes to court and

John Mason Dudley Hawley Russ Whytall
Act II. Coakley discusses the Neal case with the lawyer

John Mason Jane Cowl Mabel Colcord
Act III. The court room. Mrs. Neal on the witness stand

on the witness stand the lawyer for the defense in endeavoring to draw out damaging admissions concerning the girl's life stumbles on the fact that she is his own daughter. Finally Ellen becomes a celebrated opera star and is respectably reunited at last with the father of her child.

John Mason Jane Cowl
Act III. Ellen refuses the lawyer's offer of a home

Russ Whytall Jane Cowl John Mason
Epilogue. The maid, now a famous opera singer

SCENES IN THE HARVARD PRIZE PLAY "COMMON CLAY" AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE

(In the November issue Miss Jane Cowl will give her ideas on fashion, and describe in detail her gowns.)

My Impressions of Sarah Bernhardt

By HER AMERICAN MANAGER

IF Sarah Bernhardt had not become the great actress of her generation, she would have been something else in art, equally wonderful. It happened that her genius took shape in the theatre, but it might easily have soared to the same heights in sculpture, in painting, in literature—perhaps in some wider field of action, in law, in medicine. She has created in herself a national figure, so that wherever Sarah Bernhardt appears, she personifies the flag of her country. This has not been accomplished with the mere art of acting, it is a greater tribute to her individuality than to her tragic interpretations. She is the embodied spirit of the national ambition in France, which aspires to the highest culture, to unwavering courage, to an infinite tenderness. Sarah is the heart and head of France.

As an American, writing from an intimate knowledge of her personality, I feel no apology is necessary for any extravagance of expression in discussing this remarkable woman. Here in America, everyone about her, her fellow-actors, other managers, the stage-hands, the enthusiasm of the crowds that went to see her, were drawn by the magnetism which her mere presence creates. We who were with her daily, also caught in time the infection of untiring enthusiasm from her. She herself, unconsciously dynamic, exerted an influence upon us that we could not escape. She said something to us, and we became fervent admirers. What she said may have been trivial, but the quality of her golden voice, the mere fact that it was Sarah herself speaking, was stirring. We who looked on, night after night, at the enthusiasm she created in the packed theatres, were as much mystified and excited as the audiences. She became our idol, and we worshipped with pagan extravagance.

I have met many famous actresses, women whose charm and strength in the theatre was supplemented with many personal, delightful qualities, but Sarah Bernhardt is the only superwoman I ever knew, in the sense of all that the term means. My relations as her manager, during the most trying conditions, never altered this impression.

The ease with which she faced an audience of nearly 18,000 people, in Chicago, with that grandeur of simplicity which characterizes everything she does, emphasized the fact that she is unlike any other woman in the world. She met that sea of faces, as if she had come to see them, not as if they had come to see her. There was a regal attitude in her manner, a graciousness in the smile that welcomed them, a tenderness in her eyes that told them how deep her feelings were towards them, and yet how far she was really from them in the remoteness of her emotional heights.

Looking at Bernhardt merely from the standpoint of a manager, I consider her drawing power to be something entirely apart from her artistic pre-eminence as an actress. She will be remembered as the woman whose influence over all who saw her and heard her, was a psychic mystery that will never be explained.

Most of the people who went to see her didn't know what she was talking about on the stage, they didn't understand French, but that didn't seem to matter. There were managers who did not believe she would be a success in America because she spoke in a foreign language. I felt differently about it. I knew that she was a mysterious human dynamo, a magnetic force that no audience of human beings could fail to understand.

Just before the agreement was signed with Sarah Bernhardt to bring her to this country for her last tour, I was told that another great foreign actress was available. My associates were inclined to accept the other proposition. I told them there was only one foreign actress in the world on the stage who would be a huge money maker in America, and that was Mme. Bernhardt. Some of them couldn't see it. Finally, however, a contract was signed for Sarah Bernhardt's tour in this country, by myself and the late Sam Shubert. The ink was scarcely dry on the agreement when I read of Mr. Shubert's death in a railroad accident.

Owing to the exigencies of the theatrical business I was compelled to put Mme. Bernhardt's artistic temperament to very severe tests. There is no actress, no other star that I know of, who would have met such difficult situations with such courage. It is a characteristic of Sarah Bernhardt that she does everything with enthusiasm, with all her strength, all her mind. She is so wonderfully perceptive in ordinary human events, because her heart is in every effort of her life. It always was in everything she did for me in the long tour from coast to coast.

It was necessary because certain theatres were "unavailable," to find an auditorium, literally an artistic shelter in which Americans of the far Western states could see Bernhardt. The only solution was to secure a huge tent, and equip it with a theatre stage. It was a grave

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SARAH BERNHARDT AS PHÈDRE

question as to whether the great artist would consent to this. From experience with stage celebrities I knew that it was a serious breach of managerial respect to ask a "star" to occupy anything but the best dressing room in a first-class theatre, so it was with many misgivings that I approached Mme. Bernhardt with the tent idea.

She regarded the whole scheme in the light of a new adventure. She was highly amused, her sympathy with my difficulty was aroused at once, and she consented, giving many suggestions as to the equipment, size, texture, architecture, advertising, and safety appliances of our "canvas temple" as she called it. It was necessary for me to leave the company while I went to Texas to superintend the making of this tent. In my absence, every day I got from Bernhardt a wire which was as long as any ordinary letter. Her idea of a telegram is only limited to all she wants to say, not to its cost. These telegrams were planned to sustain and encourage me in my efforts, and they ended always, with some graceful term of affection, some womanly impulse of regard for my effort.

Hall

BERNHARDT IN "JEANNE DORÉ"

I knew that the artistic career of this great actress was really at stake in this venture. It was a violation of tradition, a daring thing to do, and I believe the first time that any great star ever appeared in a tent. When the first announcement was made to the press, there was a mild sneer at the whole idea. Few writers believed it could be done, and most of them expected that Bernhardt would at the last moment refuse to appear under such crude conditions. But they did not know that she would have played "Camille" on an open lot, rather than disappoint her manager or her public. In case of bad weather on our opening night, our failure was certain. The tent was about three miles from the city, reached by a trolley line, and it was certain that if we opened to empty benches, that it would effect Bernhardt's reputation most seriously. She arrived the night before, in her private car, and the first thing she said to me was: "Where is my tent?"

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BERNHARDT AS CAMILLE

I told her that her car would be moved up to it in the morning, and she almost stamped her feet with disappointment and anxiety that she could not see it at once. She was up at four o'clock the next morning, and wandering about the tent entirely alone, with one of her maids. When I got out there, about nine o'clock, on a beautiful morning, crowds were already coming to engage seats. We had a large number of dollar seats out of respect to the popular demand, besides our regular two dollar and three dollar reserved chairs. The demand was so great for these dollar seats that the sale got mixed up. The result was that in the evening, the dollar crowd rushed in and quietly seated themselves in seats that had been reserved at the higher prices. As they were mostly women, and we were in the South, we couldn't very well ask them to leave. The crowd took it good-naturedly, with the exception of one Texan, who came to me indignantly.

"This is a confounded outrage, sah," he said. "Is this Mme. Bernhardt really there? if so, I demand to see her. I have paid my money to see her, and I decline to make any compromise."

Of course we found room for him. I found use for that tent afterwards, and had the pleasure of insisting that many of our most prominent American stars should appear in it for a benefit performance, with Mme. Bernhardt.

The most remarkable impression of all impressions of the divine Sarah, is the fact that although we know her age, she seems to have none. A young man to whom I had given a letter of introduction to her in France wrote me that he had just been to see her, and that he found the walls of her room covered with war maps on which she was following the trail of the French army. Her energy and enthusiasm are endless. I never saw her show the slightest fatigue, I never saw her bored, and I never saw her miss a beautiful bit of scenery from the car window, or fail to appreciate a good joke. She lives very modestly so far as food is concerned, and although she is the most extravagant woman in money matters I ever knew, it was a delight to help her make the money.

You could always tell what floor of the hotel Sarah Bernhardt was living on, by the number of trunks in the corridor. She carried seventy-six trunks of her own, and employed eight maids to travel and take care of her.

On the train we used to occasionally play cards, and we taught Bernhardt the game of poker. She was a plunger, and when she saw someone else in the game who had more chips, she would extend her hand towards the pile, as if she were throwing crumbs to a bird, and say:

"Cheep, cheep, cheep," and we usually passed them over to her.

She is thoroughly artless, and has absolutely less pose about her than any actress I have ever known. She is essentially natural in everything she says and does.

I recall once, in Texas, where I thought it advisable that she should meet the Governor of the State. The Governor was asked if he would meet her, and said he would be delighted, requesting that his family be presented also. It was a pouring wet day, and Sarah, whose business sense is by no means neglected, was afraid she would have a poor audience. Her mind was entirely absorbed in this fact. She was taken by the Governor to the capitol, and onto the floor of the legislature. (*Continued on page* 198)

Sarony BILLIE BURKE

SERVANTS OF THE PEOPLE

What! another season to go through, exclaims the weary actress. The amusement loving public is far more exacting with its stage favorites than when dealing with its chauffeurs, valets and parlor maids. It never willingly permit their servants, the actors, to have a holiday, and long and faithful service is often rewarded by a berth at the Actor's Home.

© Moffett TRIXIE FRIGANZA

"WHAT another season?" asked Lenore Ulrich with a sigh, when she learned that she would again play in "The Bird of Paradise," after she had spent whole winters trailing up and down the lanes of the country, wherever there is a theatre, appearing as Luana, the tropical maid who jumped into the crater of a volcano because she was deserted by her white husband. The explanation was made to Miss Ulrich that although she did not originate the part and although she did not cause what theatreland calls "a riot at the box-office" during her first season, the piece and its attractive little star have gradually become such favorites with the public that theatres are filled to capacity wherever they are visible. Such a certainty cannot be exchanged for an uncertainty by any self-respecting manager.

© Moffett LENORE ULRICH

"Be a good little girl and appear in this play another season and after that, we'll see what we ——" it is possible to imagine her manager saying, for while managers and producers are usually said to be "brutal," when an attraction is a failure, they know how to be "gentle" when the dollars are coming through the little glass window at the box-office.

Miss Ulrich again sighed. As there is said to be "the wail of centuries in the singing of the shaduf boys dipping water from the Nile," there seemed to be in her sigh the "eternal regret" of the man and the woman of the stage. Almost without exception they ask: "Why must I continue to do the same thing?"

The public replies defiantly: "Because we want you to do so. We pay you well for your work, don't we? Either do as we say, or we will get someone to take your place."

Blatant as the truth may be, the indisputable fact remains that men and women of the stage are servants of the people, and the people are more exacting in compelling their work than when they are dealing with their chauffeurs, valets and parlor-maids. The chauffeur has a sick child. His employer is all compassion and tells him to remain at the bedside until it recovers. A little inconvenience, perhaps, in getting to the office, but never mind, the street cars are running. The parlor-maid had extra duties last night, so she is told to go and enjoy herself in the parks. You are not going out to-night, so you tell your valet that he may take a holiday.

© Moffett MARIE DRESSLER

But the actress and the actor! The public does not willingly permit them to have a holiday. Even the word means nothing pleasant in the ears of the actor folk, for likelier than not, an extra performance will be required of them. When other people "take a day off," the actor knows that he will doubtless work just twice as hard as he does other days. There is a constant agitation in the larger cities in favor of Sunday performances, thus depriving him of one day in the week for rest, a sort of universal gift to all who toil, and to those who do not, by all civilized people under the sun. And in cities where a Sunday performance is already given, there is a growing demand for two performances. The public must be entertained by the increased efforts of their servants, the actors. When there is illness in their families, the public demands its money back if favorites are unable to appear, and demands a smiling mask over a face bathed in tears. Perhaps there were many extra performances during the week and by Saturday night the actor is as weary as the overworked domestic servant, but he is denied the right to be tired. If an audience expects the actress to make it laugh, she must do so; she must turn flip-flops, sing, dance or do whatever has taken the public's fancy, for likely as not, she will not be able even to select the parts that she prefers to play, nor to act as she prefers to act. Being an actress, she has presented herself to the public as if at a referendum election. She asks: "Are you for or against?" If they are "for," then unless a miracle happens, the shackles are about her wrists and she is doomed to do the will of the public, as long as she remains on the stage; if they are "gainst," she must try again and perhaps many times, until she goes into the sweet artistic bondage of theatric art.

White MAUDE EBURNE

As Thomas Dixon likes to quote, when someone disapproves of his "The Clansman": "Can a leopard change his spots or an Ethiopian his skin?" And one might paraphrase a similar quotation, for "it is easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye" than for an audience to weep with Marie Dressler, to laugh when Alla Nazimova is poisoning her husband ("Bella Donna"), shooting herself because the father of her child was a soldier and the emperor would not promise her that "there shall be no more war" ("War Brides"), or deserting her children ("A Doll's House").

Marie Dressler longs for a little rest from her worthy profession of "making people laugh." She has done yeoman service in the theatre, and any other kind of service would be rewarded in other ways than money. In "Tillie's Nightmare," Miss Dressler demonstrated her ability to cause a tear to flow, and she looked upon that moment as one of the most joyful of her career, because she was doing something that she has wanted very much to do; but being an intelligent woman, she thought she heard the Ciceronian query about: "How long will you tempt our patience?" and she quickly became funnier than usual, just to prove to the audience how much she appreciated its kindness.

Nazimova having proved herself in the Ibsen repertory, thought she would further demonstrate her ability as an actress by appearing in a comedy, but Hadj Otis Skinner's "alms for the love of Allah" in "Kismet" was as nothing compared to the wail of her managers who felt the public pulse and told her to return to tragedy and emotional drama as quickly as rehearsals could be called.

"People who do one thing well, always imagine they can do another equally as well," sneers the public, when the professional man of woman desires to follow a different path. "Why does he think he can write a novel, just because he can lead a

band?" asked the public when John Philip Sousa's "The Fifth String" was announced, and the question was echoed and re-echoed until silenced by the appearance of the title among the "Best Sellers."

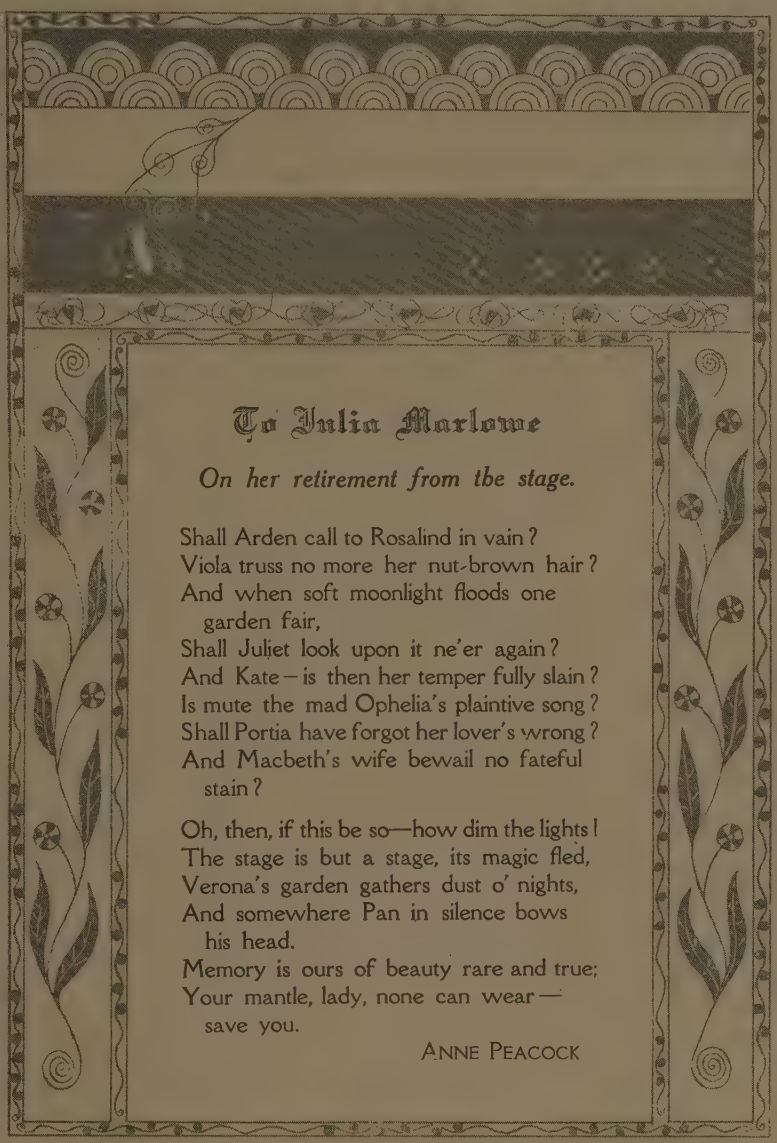
Emma Calvé, great and mighty as she was in the opera houses of the world—"the only singer," said Maurice Grau, "whose appearance is absolute guarantee of a sold-out house at the Metropolitan"—Emma Calvé always wanted to be a dramatic actress. The public frowned upon the suggestion, merely lisped its *déh*, commanded "sing" and she sang and is still singing, even if in vaudeville.

Olga Nethersole, after a long service in emotional dramas, wanted to play "good women" and insisted upon doing so. The public demanded a "Camille," "Sapho," or Paula Tanqueray, but Nethersole, apparently suspecting some hypnotic or miraculous powers, played "The Handwriting on the Wall." Not feeling any impulse toward "loyalty," the public seemed to feel the actress was guilty of some sort of insubordination, and Olga Nethersole's name is not found on the rosters of recent seasons. She has disobeyed the command of her master, the audience.

If proofs were needed, the public has had it in abundance that Nat C. Goodwin is a first-class tragedian, and to be recognized as such, is well known to have been his desire for many years. But has his request been granted by audiences which enjoyed his valiant services as a comedian? The public will pick its own tragedians; Mr. Goodwin is told to be funny by the people who pay him to act. If he be as funny as ever, they attend his performances; if not, they stay away and try to cast him from memory.

De Wolf Hopper demonstrated at a public Lambs Gambol that he was a worthy actor of heroic parts, but the public tells him to be a clown and not to venture too far in a more serious direction. Forbes-Robertson must be "spiritual" and wisely confines himself to parts in which he may convey that impression. E. H. Sothern must be "romantic." The public would not pardon his tragic pretensions unless he was accompanied by Julia Marlowe, who had a greater obligation toward the public than most of the others, because she was expected to scale the heights, penetrate the depths and span the two.

Mrs. Fiske must be "intellectual," whether she is Salvation Nell, Becky Sharp or Hedda Gabler. Mary Garden must "tempt" somebody and fascinate him. Billie Burke must be "cute" and "nice" at all events. Elsie Janis must be "skittish." Joseph Santley and William Elliott must reflect the spirit of youthful male innocence. George Probert must be a cad. Marie Bates must be a funny old lady. John Drew must be a gentleman in evening dress, who always gets the worst of it until he is proved to be "no fool." Pauline Frederick must be a bewitching siren who leads men to disaster, so the papers may "criticize" her as "beautiful, beautiful Pauline." Jane Cowl must convey the impression of being "more sinned against than sinning." Marie Doro must have a chance to look "soulful." Leo Ditrichstein must be a light comedian, although he longs for the chance to play Iago. Helen Ware and Margaret Illington must unravel some "knotty problem," and in the course of the unravelling, they must do some "foolish things," but never "sin" unless the playwright permits them to repent in tears and a brown dress before the last curtain falls. Wilton Lackaye must be a villain to retain his following in the theatres of the land. Gaby Deslys must remain the "wrecker of the throne of Portugal." No matter how she sings, dances or acts, the public looks to her to be the official throne-wrecker of the stage.



To Julia Marlowe

On her retirement from the stage.

Shall Arden call to Rosalind in vain?
Viola truss no more her nut-brown hair?
And when soft moonlight floods one
garden fair,
Shall Juliet look upon it ne'er again?
And Kate—is then her temper fully slain?
Is mute the mad Ophelia's plaintive song?
Shall Portia have forgot her lover's wrong?
And Macbeth's wife bewail no fateful
stain?

Oh, then, if this be so—how dim the lights!
The stage is but a stage, its magic fled,
Verona's garden gathers dust o' nights,
And somewhere Pan in silence bows
his head.
Memory is ours of beauty rare and true;
Your mantle, lady, none can wear—
save you.

ANNE PEACOCK

Once I asked a prominent producer to name the best dramatic actresses in America. First of all he named Blanche Ring, who seems to be condemned by the public to personate flippant characters who sing giddy songs while a gorgeously clad chorus "fills the stage picture."

"One of the things I really want to do," he continued, "is to produce 'The Taming of the Shrew,' with Miss Ring as Katherine. The public is obstinate and rightly enough holds to its opinions, but it is also in a receptive mood I believe, and will admit its mistake, as it did when David Warfield was considered merely a burlesque comedian, when Francis Wilson was merely a comic opera clown, and when Margaret Anglin was denied the privilege of making people smile, while now we know that we were depriving ourselves of a treat. Once Julia Marlowe and Richard Mansfield sang in comic opera, didn't they? Was not Maude Adams a banjo player? Marie Cahill a chorus girl? It makes up its mind, the dear public, but reserves the right to change it."

It is difficult for the actor who becomes identified with a success that bears the stamp of originality to do anything else so acceptably. Actors necessarily strive for success, but suffer when they find it, often enough, because they immediately begin to search for something to follow. May Vokes says that she has been obliged to be a slavey all her life, because she made her first success as a slavey, and the public would not care for her in characterization much different.

"Fine," I said, when I first saw Maude Eburne as Coddles in "A Pair of Sixes."

"Fine for the audience, but bad for her," remarked a seasoned theatre-goer at my side. "She will be Coddles in the public mind the rest of her life, and the play that has one of them is unusual. If history repeats itself, it will be a long time before Miss Eburne finds another big success. Is not David Warfield Herr von Barwig to the American audience, no matter what they call the play? Was not Denman Thompson's name inseparable linked with 'Old Homestead' until he died? Joseph Jefferson's with 'Rip Van Winkle'?"

Leo Ditrichstein made the country admire his technical skill and subtle acting in "The Concert," but while his well-wishers enjoyed the performance, their joy was mingled with regrets. It was too distinct and vivid in the public mind to be "lived down." Henry E. Dixey has had "Adonis" clinging to him throughout his career on account of his early success. Henrietta Crosman must be "polite" but funny. Eva Tanguay must be "crazy." Eddie Leonard must hiccough his songs. George Primrose must dance. Lew Dockstader must make a "political speech." Trixie Friganza must be "fat" and admit it to the audience. George Cohan must wave the flag.

The public consciously or unconsciously is therefore responsible for what it gets in the theatre. If not expressed, there is the vulgar boast implied: "I pay for what I get and I'll have what I want the way I like it."

Actors are the slaves of the people who pay to see them, and although they are well paid, they are not well used. Faithful service is often enough rewarded by a berth at the Actor's Home—so far as their masters are concerned. And they are not allowed the privilege of being what they want to be. "Comedian, number one; clown, number two, and tragedian, number three," say the public as a man would assign duties to his domestics, and the one who protests his independence is accused of "not being satisfied with doing one thing well but trying to reach the rainbow."

A. B.

James & Bushnell
JOHN DREW

THE MENACE OF THE MOVIES

© Charles Frohman
MAUDE ADAMS

Do you know that David Warfield refused $100,000 to act before the screen, and that other leading players, Maude Adams, John Drew, Otis Skinner, have also declined to enter the picture field because they believe the film drama is working serious injury to the theatre proper? An interesting article showing why the moving picture is a menace.

AT the opening of the present theatrical season, public and producers, alike, face a vital question that may be answered before the year has closed. It is not a brand new question, rather one that has been growing more pressing, and now is in a fair way to be settled. There is no dodging the conditions that have arisen out of the financial alliance of the stage and motion pictures. Some regard the union with equanimity, others term it a mésalliance, none can dismiss it as unimportant.

For theatre patrons the question is this. Are screen appearances of our actors satisfying?

For producers the question contains another clause. Will people pay two dollars to see stage stars in the flesh after they have seen them for considerably less in pictures?

This very question has been a favorite topic for statements from theatrical and motion picture men during the past year, the tenor of the arguments depending upon the position held. From one side we receive announcements of reputations ruined on the flat surface of the screen; from the other heated rejoinders declare that the popularity of actors is increased by motion picture performances and that the public's taste for drama is being cultivated. There is a third position steadily advancing in favor. Having property on both sides of the fence it is wise to straddle and keep mum.

No sane observer thinks for a moment that the motion picture industry, said to be the fifth largest in the country, is going to melt away. It has become the snowball of the amusement world, rolling over the country and growing bigger and bigger as it annexes theatres, managers, actors and authors. There is no thought of the end of photoplays as a popular amusement. There is thought, however, about the effort being made to supplant the drama with pictures.

For an understanding of the situation that promises to make the season of 1915-16 a momentous, if not a decisive one, a few facts are essential. The Shuberts and one of their heaviest backers, Joseph L. Rhinock, are a part of the World Film Corporation; William A. Brady is an active director in the same concern. David Belasco is a silent partner in the Lasky Film Company, and allows the use of his name, although he does not permit his stars to appear in pictures. Daniel Frohman (an important factor in the Frohman enterprises since the death of Charles Frohman) has been allied with the Famous Players Film Company since its inception. Al Woods, who recently issued an order restraining actors from appearing in pictures while in his employ, has dabbled in film ventures; Klaw and Erlanger are interested in a number of photoplays produced in co-operation with the Biograph Company, and Oliver Morosco is an active partner in the Morosco-Bosworth Company. Among vaudeville men, William Fox has one of the largest establishments in the East for the production of photoplays. Marcus Loew and the Proctor interests are among the biggest renters of photoplays.

Next consider the theatres which are being converted into motion picture houses. The season of 1914-15 was notoriously poor on the road. Managers of theatres had great difficulty in getting bookings because producers did not feel that conditions justified sending many companies out of New York. The choice lay between dark houses, or pictures, and generally a screen was placed on the stage and a projection machine in the gallery. During the past summer photoplays have all but replaced the time-honored stock company, while actors who formerly played in summer stock have been busy at the picture studios in Los Angeles. Before this article appears, the Knickerbocker will have been added to the long list of Broadway theatres devoted to film displays, whereas in Chicago, Philadelphia and other large cities, equally important theatres, formerly supported by patrons of stage productions, will be under the management of the Triangle Film Corporation, in which D. W. Griffith, Thomas Ince and Mack Sennett, three of the foremost film producers in the world, are associated. The Triangle combine is working on the assumption that in dignified surroundings photoplays may be presented at a scale of prices equal to that adopted in legitimate theatres. They point to "Cabiria" and "The Birth of a Nation" as cases in point.

It has been remarked that motion pictures have become national and the stage local. On the face of the facts this conclusion is warranted and it might be added that motion pictures have been boosted into the place they now occupy by the very interests they menace—men such as Frohman and Belasco, who lend the prestige of their names; the managers of the best theatres, who offer screen

Photo Strelecki
FRANCES STARR

White
OTIS SKINNER

White
DAVID WARFIELD

Moffett DAVID MONTGOMERY Moffett FRED STONE

PROMINENT PLAYERS WHO HAVE REFUSED EVERY INDUCEMENT TO ACT FOR THE SCREEN

MARIE DORO IN "THE WHITE PEARL," A FANCIFUL ROMANCE OF THE ORIENT
(Famous Players Film Co.)

entertainment, and most important of all the actors and actresses who appear in plays made famous on the stage.

There are two distinct factions in the picture industry to-day; that which prepares programs for the ten-cent houses, holding true to the belief that pictures are essentially the poor man's amusement, and that which aims to place photoplays on a par with the stage. We are concerned only with the latter.

To the assertion that audiences are satisfied, otherwise they would not patronize screen showings, the obvious reply is that in many towns, since the dearth of traveling companies and the decline of stock, they have been experimenting with the only entertainment available. "Let's go to the movies to-night," is offered as an alternative to an uneventful evening at home. Undeniably, the movie habit, the same as the baseball habit, the cabaret habit, or any other habit growing out of a desire for something to do, has developed a great many movie "fans" who revere their Mary Pickfords and their Charlie Chaplins. And is it not in a way significant that habitual patrons of motion pictures have come to be termed "fans." The word implies an indiscriminate devotion to a particular pastime. The ballpark is someplace to go in the afternoon; the picture theatre is open in the evening and life is less monotonous because of them.

But besides being a pastime, pictures are a satisfactory substitute for a quite dissimilar art, if we are to credit the published assertions of theatrical producers interested in them; of the playwrights who are paid for the rights to old plays and of the press agents who write articles under the signatures of stage celebrities. It is with this contention, the contention that a screen performance gives a correct impression of the art of a stage actor in a worth-while play, that a thoughtful lover of the American theatre may take issue. There is no need to dispute the legitimate sphere of the movies. It is big enough. There is need for calling attention to a great movement which is based on false premises. No amount of talk, no country-wide advertising, however impressive, can alter the fact that photographed pantomime reflected on the screen is not equivalent to human beings moving and speaking on the stage.

In presenting the questions with which this article opened and expressing a belief that they are destined to be answered soon, we had in mind the unprecedented number of productions made during the past summer, assuring the keenest sort of competition in coming months. We have noted how closely theatrical and motion picture men are allied and how theatres throughout the country are becoming the home of films. Nearly every company has its list of "Broadway Favorites in Famous Plays," and without the liberal patronage of a public, normally devoted to the stage, a return of the money invested in exorbitant salaries and expensive settings is hardly possible. Before another season rolls around the country will have been flooded with renowned actors in photoplays. There will be no novelty in the announcement that Geraldine Farrar, or Raymond Hitchcock, or Billie Burke may be seen at the Movie Palace for ten cents. What will be the result?

We are looking a little way ahead now and conceding the temporary success of the movement that has meant profitable vacations for at least eighty per cent. of our stage stars. The men behind the big combinations of producers have enough money to force a temporary success. Their pictures will be shown and just as surely as they are shown, competition will bring down the prices asked of exhibitors. They will pass from the first-class theatres to cheaper theatres. A photoplay exhibited at the Knickerbocker in September may be seen a few months later in ten-cent houses; then in five-cent houses, and save that the film probably will be worn and accompanying music a bit ragged, the last entertainment will be as good as the first.

Still looking a little way ahead, to the time when every small city has become accustomed to screen versions of the art of stars who became famous on the stage, we will imagine that Mrs. Fiske, for example, is touring the country in a new play. Competent critics have called Mrs. Fiske the greatest of American actresses. She was so much a part of the best traditions of our stage that her first appearance in a photoplay at the Bay River Opera House—we will call it that—attracted a critical audience in addition to the habitual movie "fans." The critical audience wished that it had not jeopardized pleasant memories of Mrs. Fiske's art; the movie audience decided with some pride in the triumph of its favorites. "Miss So-and-So would have been grand in that part." Now Mrs. Fiske is visiting the Bay River Opera House and seats are on sale at

two dollars. Has the reputation of the actress been bettered or harmed?

But perhaps the clientèle of the Bay River Opera House is partial to comedy rather than the intellectual drama. The brightest remembrances of by-gone seasons are the visits of Raymond Hitchcock or Sam Bernard, say, and it is good news indeed, to learn that these comedians are to appear on the screen. There is keen interest in Hitchcock's first picture, "The Ringtailed Rhinoceros" and in Bernard's "Poor Schmalz." The audience goes prepared to laugh and finds small provocation. Compared to a Charlie Chaplin film the productions are only mildly entertaining and the audience will be perfectly just in its verdict—the comedians who have amused a nation are quite ordinary actors when reflected on the screen. More idols are smashed and the good folk of Bay River are likely to conclude that two dollars is a lot to pay the next time Hitchcock or Bernard appears on the Opera House stage. Are the reputations of these comedians bettered or harmed?

During the past year two arguments have induced the great majority of our stage favorites to act before the camera. The first has been money; the second the promise of advertising. Competition for big names has forced the bidding beyond the bounds of reason and the actors could not afford to say, "no." Money is, of course, a good argument; advertising that cheapens is not.

It requires courage to refuse upwards of $1,000 for a week's work; but some of the greatest artists and most far-sighted men and women on the American stage have seen fit to reject opportunities for immediate profit. Either Maude Adams or John Drew could bank a fortune on the day an agreement to appear in picture was signed. David Warfield refused $100,000; Otis Skinner has declined several equally inviting contracts, Henry Miller has consistently rejected the offers of picture producers; Grace George, Frances Starr, Montgomery and Stone, and a few others, not many, are on the honor roll of players who have remained firm in upholding standards that they believed to be right.

In the casting of renowned actors in photoplays, even motion picture men make little pretense, save in their published announcements, of bettering the artistic average of pictures. There never was a more frankly commercial arrangement. The advertising value of the name of a star is rated at so much, the name of the play at so much, and if the star photographs well and the play lends itself to picture adaptation, why all the better, but these are secondary considerations. The first requisites of a screen actress are youth, a type of beauty that appears at its best when photographed, a gift for mimicry and a willingness to follow the instructions of the director.

Mrs. Leslie Carter in "DuBarry" and "The Heart of Maryland" was presented before thousands of people in a most unfavorable light that gave no suggestion of her performances when these plays were acted on the stage. An audience judging of Henrietta Crosman's capabilities from her screen appearances would never suspect that she was a most engaging light comedienne. William Faversham in pictures is no better than a hundred other actors who on the stage would be leading men in small city stock companies. Lillian Russell's reputation for beauty has not been enhanced by the testimony of the camera. Forbes Robertson in a picture version of "Hamlet"—an impossible undertaking to begin with—showed nothing of his histrionic attainments, and so the list might be continued at great length. Yet it is claimed that motion pictures are perpetuating great plays, bringing works of literature to the masses and developing a taste for intelligent acting. As a matter of fact, plays and classic novels are being distorted almost beyond recognition and exaggerated pantomime expressing the most obvious of the elementary emotions, is being passed off as finished acting.

© Moffett OLIVE TELL
In "A Married Mistress," at the 48th Street Theatre

Dropping business considerations as they affect the producer of plays and the actor, there is the important question of the influence on public taste, especially as it is being developed in children. It has been urged, and quite properly, that an appreciation of good music is being cultivated by the piano player, the talking machines and similar mechanical musical instruments. These inventions have brought the world's greatest compositions and the world's foremost singers into countless homes. There is no distortion here; no pretence of offering one thing and in reality giving another. With photoplays purporting to convey the meaning of stage art it is unfortunately different; for in several unreconcilable elements the two modes of expression are dissimilar and should not be confused. Fifteen years ago it was customary to take children to Shakespearean performances as a part of their education. Will a child's appreciation of dramatic art be inspired by Shakespeare on the screen? Is there anything intellectually or emotionally beneficial in the false sentimentality and overwrought melodrama of the average motion picture dignified by a worthy name, whether it be that of a play, an author, or a player?

"Cabiria," D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation," J. Stuart Blackton's "The Battle Cry of Peace," mark divergent lines along which photoplays of spectacular beauty, or power, or social significance may advance; but not one of these is dependent upon the reputation of a stage star.

Surely there are enough ways in which motion pictures may be developed and legitimate educational uses to which they may be placed without depending upon ineffective imitations of another art. As a recorder of news events and of mammoth spectacles, as a realistic medium for the presentation of facts and the furtherance of a propaganda, and as entertainment in cheap theatres, the motion picture serves a beneficial purpose. But efforts to photograph the stage seem doomed to failure. The spirit, the meaning, the charm elude the coldly, exact eyed—the camera. The house that the dramatist built and the actor inhabited, is empty.

HAROLD EDWARDS.

White

Percy Helton Benny Sweeney
Act II. The juvenile court. Nutty Beemer on the witness stand
SCENE IN FRED BALLARD'S PLAY, "YOUNG AMERICA," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE

White PHILIP BARTHOLOMAE
Author of "Over Night"

ELMER L. REIZENSTEIN
Author of "On Trial"

White OWEN DAVIS
Author of "Sinners"

White EDWARD PEPLE
Author of "A Pair of Sixes"

The Ideal Stage Situation

Every dramatist who has written plays that have been successfully produced has his own ideas as to what constitutes an ideal stage situation. Every dramatist's idea differs, whether his efforts have proved successful or not. In this article, six dramatists, some of them with many successes, one who made a tremendous hit with his first effort, and one who has written a score of plays from melodrama to comedy, tell of their ideal stage situations.

EVERYONE remembers the tale, which originated in India some centuries ago, concerning the blind men and the elephant. The men examined the pachydern, one feeling his tail, another his trunk, a third his side, a fourth his leg, and so on. Then, when asked what an elephant was like, each man gave an entirely different description.

This must not be taken as an inference that dramatists are blind. They are the most far-seeing individuals in all the literary world. But each dramatist has his or her own idea of the ideal stage situation, and these ideas do not agree to any greater extent than the blind men's description of that elephant.

They all know what an ideal situation is—something that "gets" the audience, to use the proper parlance; something that makes the audience feel certain emotions and then talk about that situation between the acts, on the way home and the next day. But just what sort of a scene will bring this thing about and thus create the ideal situation—that's where the dramatists do not agree. This is natural enough, since each writer has his own viewpoint of life, each regards the problems of humanity from a different vantage point. And since many things will thrill, there can be many ideal stage situations, each one *the* ideal to some one writer of plays.

The dramatist who has conceived a plot, an episode or a series of episodes that did happen or might have happened in real life, who has laboriously put all this in dramatic form, managed to persuade some producer to produce it, and made a big success with it—that dramatist surely knows an ideal stage situation.

Most interesting is the fact that probably there are not two dramatists who will quite agree as to what "gets" an audience, and therefore becomes ideal from every point of view, artistic, and box-office, especially the latter, for nothing can be ideal to producer, author and cast unless the play contains sufficient good situations to keep the tickets selling weeks in advance.

It matters not whether the dramatist be a man or woman, young or old, one who has made a hit with his first play or one who has plugged away for years before making a success—they cannot seem to agree as to that thing which "gets" the audience and so becomes an ideal stage situation.

Edward Peple, the author of "A Pair of Sixes," etc., is rather sceptical about an ideal stage situation. He doesn't think it really exists because he maintains that no single situation can please producer, manager, actors, authors and every person in the audience. "The ideal stage situation, in my opinion, depends upon the point of view. From that of the actor and manager, I presume it is one which calls forth the greatest enthusiasm and applause, a striking and novel situation conducive to curtain- calls, newspaper comment and the consequent rush for seats by an eager and curious public. From the viewpoint of the author, which should always be that of his audience, the ideal stage situation is of an entirely different order. It will be found neither in comedy nor tragedy, for the laugh is soon forgotten and the tense dramatic thrill subsides with the sobering pulse. What, then, creates the strongest and most lasting appeal to the watchers of a play? Is it not some simple, natural, homely emotion which goes straight to the heart and warms it; an emotion born of personal experience; an occurrence which might take place in their own everyday lives, making them better for having seen the play; a scene, an action, or even a single line, which is stored up in the memory and helps a man or woman at the turning point of life? Yet, failing to please the actor, the manager, the author and every man, woman and child in all the audiences, the ideal stage situation is not ideal. Ergo; like the story of the camel, 'There ain't no sech animal.'"

Byron Ongley, author of "He Comes Up Smiling," believes in dramatizing Optimism, with a capital "O." Yet he delights in certain thrills in other plays which are the antithesis of optimism. He says: "The ideal stage situation is a rather vague subject. It is dependent upon circumstances, to a large extent; upon time, conditions, and the viewpoint of the author. A dramatic genius of one generation may look back over his career and point out here and there what he considers to be an ideal stage situation, and yet in a following generation those situations will appear trite and unappealing. There are fundamental emotions, of course, which will always appeal to human nature, but to attempt to define situations involving them is rather difficult.

"To my way of thinking, the ideal stage situation is a situation that leads one out of himself, either a mental or a spiritual appeal, leading one outside of his own petty consciousness for the time being, a soul struggle, in other words. In James M. Barrie's 'Admirable Crichton' there is what I should call an ideal moving situation, which has dramatic effect and soul struggle. In 'Admirable Crichton' four people find themselves wrecked upon an island and suddenly forced to shift for themselves. Three of

them, an English lord and lady and their daughter, find themselves upon this island with their man servant. Through his usefulness this servant gradually becomes master of the situation. The others are helpless to provide for themselves, but the man servant stands between them and utter privation. Gradually a slow consciousness of his power asserts itself and he begins to exert his own personality and initiative. Eventually the daughter becomes enamoured of him and the gradual breaking down of one social barrier after another raises the situation to a spiritual apex which is tremendously moving and dramatic. That I consider an ideal stage situation."

Mary Austin, who wrote "The Arrow-maker," etc., thinks any situation which will arouse or entertain or thrill or otherwise appeal to the largest number of people in an audience is ideal. She says: "I should call the ideal stage situation the least common denominator of the audience raised to the nth. power. By this I mean the depiction of emotions which pertain to the great number of the audience, and those emotions refined to their highest effective point. Moreover, I should say, that no situation could be validly 'ideal' which did not contain the element of hope. After all, when you come down to it, the things which are most universally appealing are the things which carry the greatest optimism, the greatest suggestion of the best in the nature of the individual."

From blood-curdling thrilling melodrama of the old "ten, twent', thirt'" days to big Broadway successes is a far cry, but Owen Davis has made it, and he doesn't change his views of the ideal stage situation at all; the same thing that appealed to him as ideal in some melodrama of the "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl" type, appealed to him in "Sinners." It was Mr. Davis who made what he jokingly terms "mechanical emotions," but despite his buzz-saws, express trains, cliffs, tanks, explosions and other devices, he holds that absolute sincerity is the only convincing thing on the stage to-day. He writes: "In my mind the ideal stage situation is the situation in which the most vital point of the theme chosen for the play is portrayed. It might even not be the most impressive situation to the audience, but to any dramatist who takes his play seriously there always arises a point or situation which is the most convincing place in the theme. If this situation is sincerely and impressively set forth, set forth with all the force and truth that the dramatist can conceive for it, then I should call it an ideal stage situation. Many dramatists depend upon what are called the mechanics of emotion, and for that matter, I guess I have had about as much experience with that sort of thing as any of them, but the more I see of the drama, the more I am convinced that absolute sincerity is the only big convincing thing in the theatre to-day. Moreover an ideal stage situation ought to develop some character for the better, but it ought to be the character developing himself, and never the dramatist developing the character. To my way of thinking, no play is worth much that does not leave at least some of its characters better than it found them. I have tried to embody this idea in 'Sinners.' The ideal stage situation then is; the vital point or most convincing place in theme chosen, although perhaps not most impressive situation to audience, it is the situation that most fully portrays the sincerity of your play."

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Who at the head of her own company will have the artistic direction of the Playhouse this season, selecting her own plays and managing the theatre in every detail. Her first appearance will be in "The New York Idea" by Langdon Mitchell.

Elmer Reizenstein, author of "On Trial," believes in the tense, quiet moments. He says:

"It seems to me that the situations which are most effective in the theatre are *not* those which excite thunderous applause, but rather those which by their compelling power hold the audience tense, leaving it at last hushed and subdued. Such situations are rare because few dramatists possess the power to create them. They occur most frequently in those plays which are fashioned in the convention of the Greek drama—tragedies in substance, if not in form—that is to say in those plays which have for their theme the futile struggles of the individual against fate or destiny or, as we are accustomed to regard it now, against the weaknesses of his own nature. In these plays there is always the sense of the inevitable. We know at once that the victim is doomed—that struggle as he may he must succumb to the defects in his character. In the hands of the skillful dramatist such material lends itself to the most telling effect. With ever-increasing fascination we watch the protagonist of the drama slowly and blindly weaving the net with which he is to ensnare himself. The effect is imperceptibly cumulative. There is no sharp crisis—no sudden turn of events; the catastrophe is anticipated long before its culmination and we wait for it with breathless interest.

"The classics abound in such situations. We find them in nearly all Shakespeare's tragedies—Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, Othello and so forth. They are not so apparent, however, because we have grown so used to regarding Shakespeare as a poet that we often forget that he is primarily a dramatist. In Ibsen, too, we find numerous examples of this tragedy of the inevitable—Ghosts, Hedda Gabler, The Master Builder, to mention those which come most readily to the mind. In order that the charge of pedantry may not be lodged against me, I am trying to think of some illustration in our contemporary drama. One which occurs to me is Mr. Eugene Walters' 'The Easiest Way.' The spectacle of the prostitute, whom we have seen struggling in vain against her inherent weaknesses, throwing herself recklessly back into her vicious life, affords one of the most telling moments I have ever experienced in the theatre. Necessarily, such a situation must occur in the last act of the play—usually at the very last moment—since it is the pinnacle towards which the dramatist has been slowly building. When our playwrights come to the realization that the triumphs of the dramatic art lie in the exposition of character and not in stage tricks, technical 'stunts' and 'novelties' perhaps then and not until then we shall be able to take the theatre seriously."

Philip Bartholomae, author of "Overnight," "When Dreams Come True," etc., has this to say:

"The situation on the stage which is most effective, speaking commercially as well as artistically, is the situation which portrays the unusual. Speaking in general terms of an ideal stage situation I should say that it would be the situation in which the unusual is portrayed. By this I do not mean merely a mechanical illusion, a startling, though unsympathetic twist of plot, or any weird handling of dramatic values. I mean that the situation which is most effective, both from the standpoint of artistry and the box-office, is that situation which brings before an audience a hitherto neglected or unthought-of complication. It is the art of bringing to light, and treating dramatically, the familiar, and for that reason, ignored, possibilities of everyday life. In Mr. Bayard Veillers' 'Within the Law,' it was not the sheer melodrama, but the vivid depiction of the struggles, the temptations, and the persecution of the typical shop-girl—a type everyone was familiar with, and yet a type which, up to that time, had never been treated seriously in the modern drama in a high-class manner.

"I want to make clear here that by the unusual on the stage I do not necessarily mean the unusual in life. As a matter of fact it is generally the portrayal of the usual in life which holds the greatest appeal for the majority of the public. And when the usual thing in life, as Mr. Veillers' shop-girl, for example, comes to the feast of the drama, as a novelty, as the unusual, it satisfies a theatrical appetite which is hungry for just that sort of food. But the rest of the play must be according to accepted usual standards, for it is contrast which is most effective in projecting the unusual. It is like the music of Richard Wagner with its tremendous, discordant recitatives, preluding and bringing out the rich, flowing melody. In one of my farce-comedies, 'Overnight,' I introduced, at the close of the second act, a quiet reaction from the boisterous fun of the previous action, by inserting a little scene of youthful romance, moonlight, and music. It was quite simple; it had no so-called 'punch'; it was an experience that most of my audience had themselves been through on some sleepy summer evening, but because it was the usual in life and the unusual on the stage, it was most effective."

Virginia (Martha Hedman) applies to Dr. Sumner (Arthur Byron) for a job

Budd Woodbridge (Wallace Eddinger) under treatment for jealousy

Budd in love with Grace (Ruth Shepley) is enraged at her thoughtless flirtation with Preston De Witt (Gilbert Douglas)

Photos White

Dr. Sumner, enjoying a hurried supper while planning to cure his patient by playing on jealousies, does not realize that he is rapidly falling in love himself with the newly engaged nurse

Grace is brought to her senses by the doctor's stratagem

Dr. Sumner makes his patient wait while he tells the nurse he loves her

SCENES IN THE SUCCESSFUL COMEDY "THE BOOMERANG" AT THE BELASCO THEATRE

(In this issue Miss Hedman gives her ideas on fashion, and describes in detail the gowns she wears in "The Boomerang.")

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Pageant of the Nations on the terrace of Mrs. Herman Oelrichs' villa at Newport

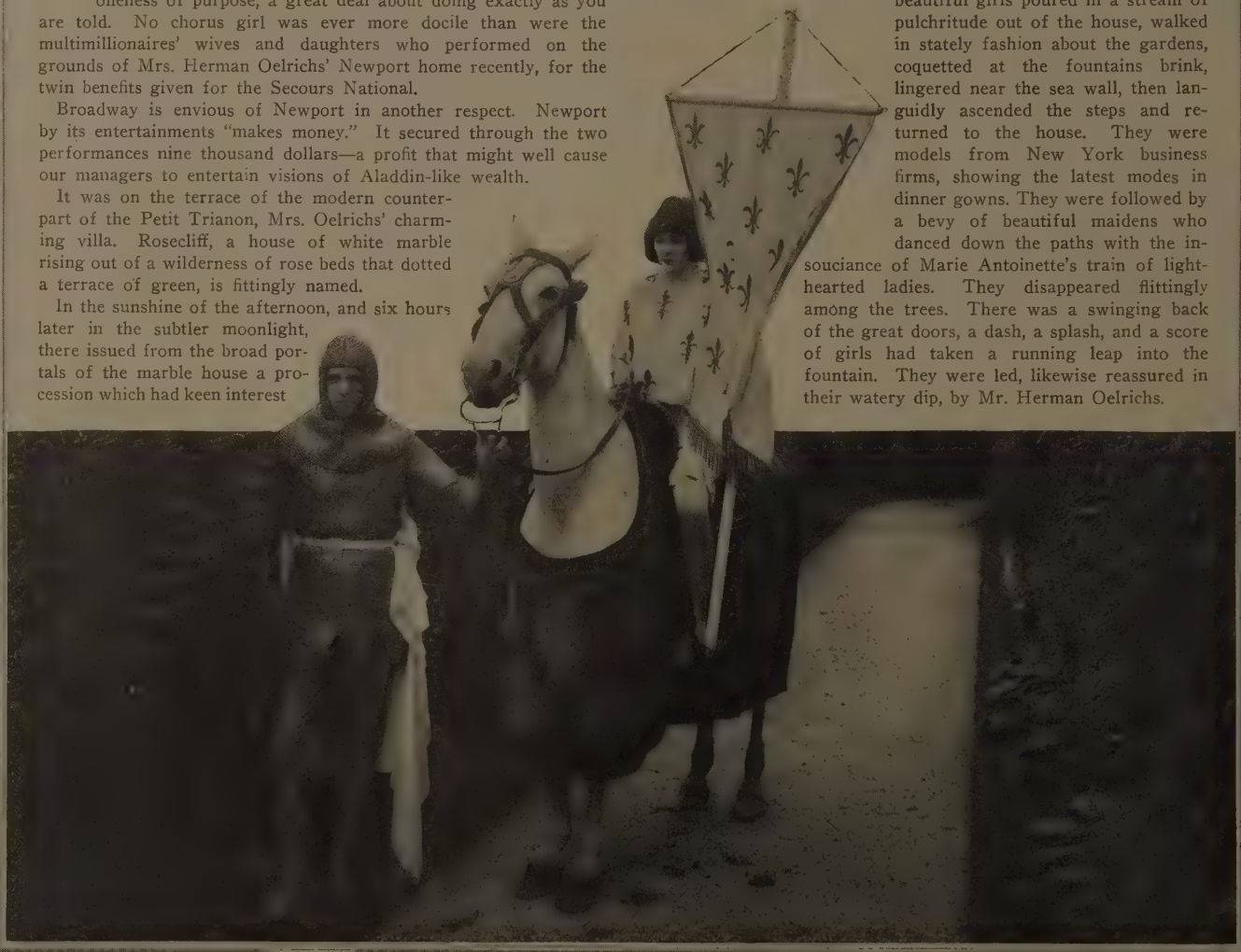
When Society Gives a Show: *By One Who Was There*

BROADWAY could learn something from Newport in the matter of productions. Something of orderliness, much of oneness of purpose, a great deal about doing exactly as you are told. No chorus girl was ever more docile than were the multimillionaires' wives and daughters who performed on the grounds of Mrs. Herman Oelrichs' Newport home recently, for the twin benefits given for the Secours National.

Broadway is envious of Newport in another respect. Newport by its entertainments "makes money." It secured through the two performances nine thousand dollars—a profit that might well cause our managers to entertain visions of Aladdin-like wealth.

It was on the terrace of the modern counterpart of the Petit Trianon, Mrs. Oelrichs' charming villa. Rosecliff, a house of white marble rising out of a wilderness of rose beds that dotted a terrace of green, is fittingly named.

In the sunshine of the afternoon, and six hours later in the subtler moonlight, there issued from the broad portals of the marble house a procession which had keen interest for every woman in the close-packed audience on the terrace. At a signal from the unseen hand of an invisible stage director, tall, beautiful girls poured in a stream of pulchritude out of the house, walked in stately fashion about the gardens, coquetted at the fountains brink, lingered near the sea wall, then languidly ascended the steps and returned to the house. They were models from New York business firms, showing the latest modes in dinner gowns. They were followed by a bevy of beautiful maidens who danced down the paths with the insouciance of Marie Antoinette's train of lighthearted ladies. They disappeared flittingly among the trees. There was a swinging back of the great doors, a dash, a splash, and a score of girls had taken a running leap into the fountain. They were led, likewise reassured in their watery dip, by Mr. Herman Oelrichs.



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Mr. Maurice Roche as the mailed page and Mrs. Howard Cushing as Joan of Arc

The eye witness had heard the common adage: "You can't make them laugh at Newport," yet he has the testimony of two of his senses that Newport shrieked its delight at an impromptu witticism by Miss Florence Nash. "A maid, huh!" her eye directed at Mrs. Conde Nast's demure but elegant figure with its afterthought cap and apron. "Newport maids wear two hundred fifty dollar Lucile gown frocks, Huh!"

One hears, too, that nothing ever entertains Newport. Yet Newport was entertained as thoroughly as a child by an especially brilliant new house of blocks, by the Charity Fete.

The Fashion Show was a vivid bit of unusual color in a community that believes that caste is denoted by subdued colors. It passed as a bird of bright plumage passes swiftly from vision. Yet not too swiftly for those of keen discrimination in amusements to say: "Ah! very clever!" of the dramatic device that justified the show.

Ada Sassoli, the celebrated harpist, played snatches of old airs that attuned the atmosphere yet further to the faint, frivolous, far-away days of Marie Antoinette, visions summoned by the house that had been changed to a theatre for the sake of France.

A sprite holding above her head an electric bulb and with a face as bright as the bulb, flashed out from behind the shadow of a tree, and danced on the sward with sixteen maidens. It was Lydia Lopokova.

Then came the example at which spectators marvelled, the docility of Newport. For charity's sake the summer capital of society in this country had drilled and marched and countermarched, obeyed signals, was cowed by commands, as the rawest rookie among our regulars. They worked self-forgetfully, inspired by the cause.

"The marvel of it," a seasoned actress exclaimed to the eye witness, "they have done in two days what requires a Broadway company three weeks, prepared for a production."

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MRS. CRAIG BIDDLE
As Columbia

© Underwood & Underwood
MISS MARGARET PERRIN
As Russia

Mrs. Craig Biddle walked with the majesty that befitted the character as Columbia, bearing the torch of liberty and enlightenment high above her head, and leading the pageant of the nations.

Miss Margaret Perrin, superb specimen of the modern athletic girl, was Russia in the procession of the nations. Then came Mr. Maurice Roche as the mailed page, leading the white horse in velvet trappings that carried Mrs. Howard Cushing, costumed as, and with the bearing of, the Maid of France. For Joan of Arc was France in the conception of those who planned the pageant. Mr. Whitney Warren, Jr., as a coolie, drew his sister in the jinrikisha of Japan, representing the Flowery Kingdom in the national march.

Everybody did something. The Misses Consuelo and Muriel Vanderbilt were flower vendors at the fete. For a

(*Continued on page* 197)

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Mr. Whitney Warren, Jr., as a coolie, drawing his sister in a Japanese jinrikisha

©Ira L. Hill's Studio

IRENE FRANKLIN WHO SCORED A SUCCESS IN "HANDS UP," AT THE 44TH STREET THEATRE

MISS FRANKLIN, who has registered a deep impression by her spirited work in "Hands Up," is not merely a clever comedienne but a writer of character songs. Her husband, Burt Green, who presides at the piano while she sings, and whom by an apparent lapse into fireside habits she addresses as "Father" while they are on the stage, discovered her talent. Miss Franklin was playing in music halls and amusement parks, and earning twenty-five dollars a week, with which she was contriving to support herself and a little sister who had been the legacy of her father and mother. Burt Green was a clever young pianist. They met. Mr. Green told Miss Franklin her talent was unique and "ought to be bringing big money." Miss Franklin told Mr. Green that no one could play the piano as well as he did, not even Paderewski, and Miss Franklin meant it, for there is a certain little god that deafens as well as blinds his victims. They married, and despite marriage, continued to encourage each other. When you speak of Irene Franklin you always think *"Red Head,"* because that was the most famous of her characterizations. Likewise it was the first song she ever wrote. Miss Franklin tells the story of its authorship: "Father used to play a series of chords that I thought irresistible. I sent them to several song writers. Every one sent them back. I got mad and wrote the words myself in half an hour. That's the reason they are so bad." Bad or not they at once became popular. Her singing of *"Red Head"* made her famous. She and her husband have written other songs which she sang and in which he accompanied her at the piano. They became among the most successful artists on the vaudeville stage. Recently they were featured in "Hands Up," and it is predicted of the gifted pair that the rank and honors of stardom are not far distant.

Silent Star Who Yearns for the Spoken Drama

IT is customary for players who enter the motion picture field to gush over the "wonderful possibilities" of the screen as a medium for their art. Many adopt the slogan "once in pictures, always in pictures." There is little doubt that the attractive pecuniary allurements held out by film manufacturers to actor folk, is gradually losing for the stage much of its best talent. Early hours, home life, and a fifty-two-weeks-a-year salary are potent arguments.

But there is at least one well-known screen star who holds the art of the legitimate stage above all personal considerations, and who intends some day to leave the home of the cinema where she has won success for the as yet unexplored domain of the spoken play. .

Mary Fuller, star of stars of the Universal Film Company, has been projected on almost every motion-picture screen in the world. That fact alone, more eloquently than words, tells how and why she to-day is one of the most widely known and popular of the film players. If in the short space of four years this young person has risen from obscurity to fame, it must primarily be ascribed to her exceptional good looks. She has fine large eyes, of the kind sentimentalists love to describe as soulful, a shy and winsome manner, altogether a charming and appealing personality that has completely won the affection of the public. Her acting, good though it may be, is not really an element of her popularity. The movie fan sees girl, rather than the actress. That, at least, is Miss Fuller's interpretation of motion-picture popularity, and her candid expression of it makes her one of the most unusual young women in the motion-picture world.

Bangs

MARY FULLER

She gave me her views the other day as, toying with her dark brown hair, she almost buried herself in a huge armchair. It was in the softly lit parlor of a quiet family hotel near Fifth Avenue, just on the edge of the theatrical district, one of those paradoxical places where repose and neuresthenia go hand in hand.

"You mustn't look at my hair," she said, "it's wringing wet!"

"Bathing?"

"Yes and no. We were on Long Island this afternoon doing some scenes for 'Under Southern Skies.' I had to jump from a bridge into the water—on horseback! I don't care to work in thriller scenes at all. I wasn't made for them—but *sometimes*—" And Miss Fuller shrugged her shoulders, eloquently expressing that for the pictures one just does and dies.

"Have you never balked at anything?"

"Once or twice, perhaps. At any rate, I always feel like balking. The other day I had to lower myself seven stories on a rope. It took me several hours to muster up courage to do it, and then several days to get over the effects!"

"That is realism!"

"Yes, that *is* realism. A too real realism—a realism that is aimed to appeal more to the lower emotions than to the finer sensibilities. It is that, perhaps, more than any other single thing which has caused the great success of the films. The mass of the people prefer a spine massage to a mental one.

"The movies are marvellous though," she went on, "the more I work in them the more I realize it. Some phase or other of them stirs me continually. Sometimes it is the mere mechanics of them—the miracle of showing what is almost flesh and blood moving on a screen. Then again it may be their vast appeal—the fact that everywhere and all the time they are playing, playing, playing, the same actors

Bangs

"A CHARMING AND APPEALING PERSONALITY THAT HAS COMPLETELY WON THE AFFECTION OF THE PUBLIC."

doing the same things in a thousand different places at once! And then perhaps it is the power of their influence—more, proportionately, I think than that of the press. One picture is more convincing than a hundred pages of written matter!"

"You seem to have a sort of tender sentiment toward your work."

"I have—oh, I have! My heart yearns for all that is artistic in it. And it is the inartistic things in it that convince me that the screen is not the ultimate appeal."

"For instance?"

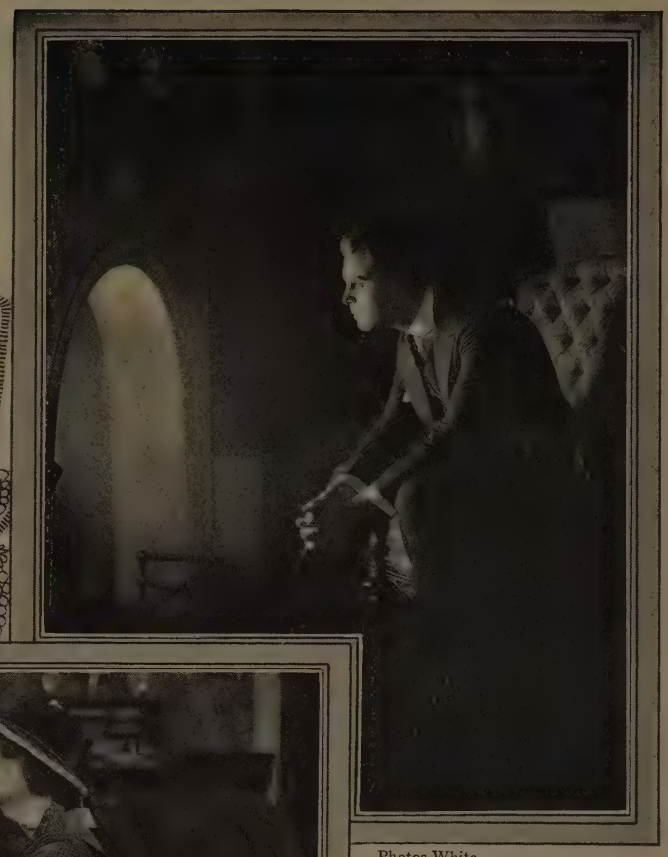
"Well, take the question of acting. As it is being done for the screen, it is slowly becoming a lost art. The well-known stage actors who take fliers into picture work call it 'having fun'—and it is for them. On the stage, one's soul vibrates when one is acting—that is, it does if one *really* acts. In the pictures the entire matter centralizes in the question of your face. Have you a pretty face—or a type face—and will it 'take' well? That's almost all that is imperative. Of course, there is acting of a sort. One mustn't be stiff and one must try to portray emotions. But it's bromidic, stereotyped acting. One must do the same old thing when the same old situation comes around again!"

Ever since she came prominently before the picture public, Miss Fuller has been known as one of the most sincere and versatile actresses on the screen. Her admirers hold that her's is not an art of mannerisms and playful tricks intended to catch the audience by their cuteness, but is a well-developed technique and power. Her acting is the result of a dramatic training dating from the days when she went, as a child, to the theatre and watched the art of Julia Marlowe, whom she adores, through the days when, with the reluctant consent of her non-professional parents, she entered a stock company and learned the bitter lessons of its stern tutorage, on into the time when she first went with the Edison Company four years ago.

"You must have been extremely green when you got your first professional engagement."

"Oh, I was—*callow!*" Miss Fuller laughed heartily, and those big eyes that were shining in a thousand other places as I looked at them, gleamed merrily with the memories of the early days.

"Above all," she chattered on, "I dreaded being thought an amateur by the other members of the company. I *felt* like a finished actress, and I was mortally afraid of saying or doing something that might give me away. My first part wasn't a big one, but it was fair—and I cherished it like a miner who finds his first nugget!



Photos White
HARRISON FORD
as Buck Ryder

CHARLES RUGGLES & MARIE CARROLL
Norma tries to cheer Dave

ARTHUR AYLESWORTH AND RAE SELWYN
Jap warns his wife to keep their marriage secret

"I have always loved acting. And perhaps it is the irony of fate that makes me love the power of the voice more than anything else in connection with acting. Its possibilities of expression are boundless—nothing can equal it. I have heard some say that expression can be better delivered by the face in a 'close-up,' but I do not think so. The voice is the humanizing element—and without it acting becomes a ghostly sort of shadowy pantomine. There is no shade of emotion too subtle for the voice to deliver, but the face—even the most mobile face—is limited on every side. For that reason I think that voice culture is the fundamental study for the stage."

Miss Fuller's voice is unusually rich and flexible. It is indeed the working of an ironic fate that a woman who loves to act and who loves best to use her voice in doing it should have become a star of the silent drama.

"But I don't want to give the impression that there are no artistic possibilities in playing for the screen," Miss Fuller resumed. "There are a great many, and they go to make the difference between a good picture and a bad one. I am so glad the director is at last coming into his own. The public hasn't realized until now what a great deal he means to a picture."

"Has he relatively more importance than the stage director?"

"Oh, far more! On the stage the success of a play rests ultimately with the actors, but the success of a picture is entirely in the hands of the director. He can make or mar almost any material that comes into his hands. I have been fortunate with my directors, but there are a great many bad ones. There are some who become set in their methods and repeatedly do the same thing in the same way. They are dramatically narrow and unoriginal—and they are the men who are turning out the crude pictures which are creating that large class of people who 'can't stand movies.'

Photoplaying is an entrancing game. Sometimes I hope that I will play it always. But then again when the old spirit moves, I crave for the drama of words and noble thoughts rather than that of thrills and pantomime. Some day I hope to play Shakespeare. That is my goal, and to be another Julia Marlowe is my ideal!

ORSON MERIDEN.

SCENES IN EDGAR SELWYN'S NEW COMEDY "ROLLING STONES" AT THE HARRIS THEATRE

Yvette Guilbert to Revisit America

By EDITH VALERIO

My only knowledge of Yvette Guilbert was that obtained through a few newspaper articles, inadequate when not wholly misleading—clumsy and uncomprehending criticisms serving no purpose beyond that of displaying the writer's inability to understand or appreciate in any degree an artist of the dramatic stage whom the expert critics of Europe have consecrated as a woman of rare and original talent.

"I have often thought," said Mme. Guilbert, when touching upon this topic, "of what someone said in regard to celebrated old pictures. If they could only speak and relate all the foolish remarks that had been made upon them, what amusement they would provoke! Had I had the time or fancy to collect all the nonsense that has been written about me, what funny reading it would make for those who know me as I am."

When I called upon Mme. Guilbert at the Grand Hotel in Rome, where she was to appear for three nights only at the Teatro Nazionale in the spring of 1914, I expected to meet a showy, perfumed, daring personality, with a distinct aroma of the Café chantant and an undertone of uncertain morality. And when a gentle-faced woman with eyes whose deep intelligence was clouded with a certain sadness, with thin, mobile lips that hovered between irony and tenderness, came forward and bade me be seated, I instinctively lowered my eyes, lest there should remain in my glance any suggestion of the unpardonable assumptions I had entertained....

Yes, she was coming to America in the fall of 1915. Her repertoire would consist of old French songs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and a few modern chansons—verses of Baudelaire and other poets set to music. "And then," she added, and her glance lighted up with the enthusiasm of the artist, "I have a *sujet magnifique* in preparation. For the past five years I have been studying the history of our inspired woman patriot, Joan of Arc, through the records left us by the bards and poets of her time. I shall revive in verse and song what Anatole France has reconstructed in prose, the whole life and history of this unique woman. *Oh! cela sera beau!* I am sure they will appreciate it in America. The American public is responsive—quick in perception and apprehension. In intellectual matters as in everything else, *c'est un peuple qui marche vite.*"

Two hours later she stepped onto the stage and gave an introductory elucidation of the song she was about to sing. She was the same womanly, convincing and earnest personality as she addressed her audience, as one person, to whom she wished to convey, in its full intensity, the purpose of the subject she was about to impersonate. For anyone but imperfectly acquainted with French, this serves as an all sufficient preparation for her performance, her diction being so perfect—her matter so simple and direct. But as Mme. Guilbert had said herself: "An actress should be so complete in her equipment of gesture, facial play, intonation, that words are merely an additional means of expressing her meaning. I, myself, do not understand Italian and yet I can follow the whole intention and significance of a play in which Duse is the heroine, simply by watching her movements and face and listening to the varied intonations of her voice."

In Yvette Guilbert's performances, words play the least important part. Imagery reigns supreme. As she assumes the various characters of her songs and passes from the naive to the satirical, from the courtly to the rustic, from comedy to tragedy, in costumes, of which the spectacular symbolism is one of her most effective accessories, and a veritable inspiration for the poster artist, she combines the resources of every art. Melody, rhythm, color, line, atmosphere—all contribute in clothing her evocations with their maximum intensity of life and emotion, appealing in turn to poet, artist, psychologist and *litterateur*. Had Yvette Guilbert lacked vocal ability, she would have become remarkable in some other line of art. Being gifted with a voice of rare charm and power of varied intonation, she used that medium as being the nearest to hand.

YVETTE GUILBERT AS SHE IS TO-DAY

Are all her performances adapted to the "young person" of Podsnapian standard? Are many of Shakespeare's plays suitable for the immaculate imagination of a inexperienced girl? Who cay say that the opening scene in King Lear, in its brutal exposition of a psychological and physiological truth, is adapted to her ears? And yet the crowded audiences who attend such performances as these are not exclusively composed of the sterner sex or the maturest of matrons. Manon Lescaut, The Dame aux Camélias, in a different way belong to the category condemned by Podsnapian censorship, yet by virtue of their one essential quality of enduring art, which I would call the quality of *permanent human significance*, they persist in their hold upon human interest and human sympathy. To the mature mind and thoughtful intelligence, the philosophical significance of such works is paramount.

In the whole repertoire that Yvette Guilbert presented to her Roman audience that night, I can only recall one line, in one song, that bore a hint of the crudeness so shocking to Anglo-Saxon ears in a foreign language. This was in the song of *"La Flamande,"* in which the robust peasant girl in the plenitude of a blooming youth, gives utterance to her joy in the approaching union with the rustic lover of her choice. It is identically the same sentiment that ripples forth from the lips of Juliet in impassioned imagery, only it is that of a cruder, coarser race—the strong, lusty scent of the dandelion, in lieu of the delicate perfume of the rose. And it is precisely on this—her wide range of human sympathy—that Yvette Guilbert is great. The voice that trembles with the mysterious passion of a first love or vibrates with the tragic depth of a mother's anguish—that simulates the toneless accents of the village idiot or charges itself with the acuity of fine satire, can assume at will the effrontery of the *femme de la Halle* or the brutal tones of the bully and the psychology of the type is equally complete. Her interpretations have the strength of life and its impartiality.

Photos White JOSE COLLINS
Who is now appearing in moving pictures

Her popularity, even among her own countrymen, was not immediate. Born of the people, with the early and hard experience of real life that is at once their penalty and their privilege, Yvette Guilbert became at twenty one of the motley crowd of Café-Concert divas, who esteem themselves lucky if they have achieved one unique impersonation in one of the ephemeral songs of the day, and captivated the favor of the typical frequenter of the Parisian music-hall by a sufficient appeal to his sensualism. Yvette Guilbert had a different preoccupation. All her soul was in her art—an art so above the class of songs she was called upon to sing in its ideals, that it was lost upon the average audience. She did not possess, either, the requisite allurements, being thin and angular, with a face which lent itself more to caricature than portraiture, and yet possessing the most marvellous versatility and range of expression imaginable. She was hissed at one place and discharged from another as not being a paying number. One evening, however, Jean Lorrain and Maurice Donnay (who had not yet achieved Academic honors) strolled in to the Divan Japonais, where she had secured an engagement. From that day she became famous. The interpreter of fin-de-siècle refrains soared into the purer realms of old-time legends and religious ballads, investing these with the same atmosphere of life and reality that she had lent to the corrupt lyrics of the Paris *trottoir,* linking together in a series of brilliant evocations the most varied and distinct of human emotions teeming with the spirit of a complex humanity.

There are a few songs which I hope she will include in her American repertoire. One of these is an old seventeenth century ballad, *"La Ballade de Jésus Christ."* In this Yvette Guilbert creates as great a picture of the Nativity as was ever laid upon canvas. Joseph and Mary—oppressed with the weariness and burden of approaching maternity—wander hopeless and footsore at night in a vain search for shelter. Driven from door to door with harsh words and contemptuous looks, the poor hospitality of a stable is at length vouchsafed to them. Here the sombre tonality of the voice, that creates a whole atmosphere of gloom and despondency, in the mind of the listener, shades off into one of infinite relief, rest and silence....a pause of mysterious expectancy follows....Then with a brilliant vocal transition her accents swell into a paean of triumph and joy. The prophecy is fulfilled!....the Christ-child is born to the world and humanity! And in the victorious accents, the impersonal triumph of the voice, are the light and splendor of the Star that shone over Bethlehem.

I doubt if any man will hear unmoved Macleod's *"La Prière des Femmes,"* that poignant appeal of all womanhood for Woman (victim and culprit at once, by some strange fatality in the eternal and tragic conflict of sex). It is a distinct appeal to the stronger, nobler Man, and reaches its climax of appeal through Madame Guilbert's interpretation.

And as she is too great an artist to dwell indefinitely on the sombre side of human existence, she will then, perhaps, delight her audience with a brighter vision, in that charming little pastoral, *"C'est le Mai, c'est le Mai, c'est le joli mois de Mai."* This is another seventeenth century inspiration, which celebrates an ancient French custom, by which, on the first day of May, the village priest, accompanied by his little cortege of child choristers, went the round of the village, levying contributions for the altar of Mary. "Here," says Mme. Guilbert, with the indefinably tender gaiety of those who have gauged life's most tragic depths, "I must ask you to have a little imagination.... Here you must figure to yourself the village green....here the church door.... that is not difficult. But here—and this is much harder—you must see in me the worthy priest and his following of tiny songsters...." And then she proceeds to her impersonation. From the stately walk of the former as he moves along in corpulent dignity, and the deep tones of his well-nourished lungs, she transforms her gait and motion to those of his small followers, her voice to their high treble pipe—calling up a picture of fresh, unthinking childhood, its transient joys and sorrows, its white unsullied pages as yet undisfigured by the indelible markings of experience, that holds the memory with the strength of a permanent allegory.

JULIA HAY
In "Three of Hearts," on tour

It is in her creative power that Yvette Guilbert stands out from other artists of her class. However slight her material, she will fashion from it an idyl, an epic, a satire at will. Where the conception of the poet falls short, she will outsoar it, as she has outsoared the limitations of her own art.

The accompanying photograph is an admirable presentment of Mme. Guilbert as she appears to-day, with the added comeliness of maturity that her early youth lacked. I never look at it without recalling the old French saying: *"Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner"* (To understand everything is to forgive everything). That understanding is Yvette Guilbert's. It is the explanation of her art and her power of universal appeal. But like all superiority it carries with it a penalty—the penalty of a sadness that is the dominant expression of her face and that, like a subtle undercurrent, underlies the brightest fancies of her art.

ETHEL BAIRD AND GYPSY O'BRIEN
Seen in "A Midnight Fantasy," at Castles in the Air

THEATRE IN PETRA SHOWING PRIVATE BOXES CARVED FROM THE ROCK

A Theatre Carved From the Solid Rock

By ARCHIE BELL

JUST as "the groves were God's first temples," the hillsides seem to have been the first theatres. Waving treetops and glimpses of the distant sea, desert, or other enticing bits of landscape were the first "scenery"; and it is worth observing that in their vaguest dreams of theatrical art, the masters of the centuries that have followed have not improved upon the poetry, potency and beauty of the original settings. There are great amphitheatres scattered over the known world. Good roads and open-air theatres followed the Roman legions, as George Ade said, "The cocktail follows the flag" of modern empires.

In many places these great theatres are in partial ruins, of which the Coliseum at Rome is a familiar example. There are distinct traces of them, however, in most of the larger cities of the world which Rome made colonial capitals, or points of political importance. In France, some of them are still the scenes of festival performances. In Verona, Italy, the theatre retains most of its interior decorations and embellishments, offering almost convincing proof that many of the modern theories concerning antique open-air performances are erroneous and quite incompatible with modern conditions of life and living.

There is one theatre, however, which makes all those huge blocks of stone in other cities seem almost like the temporary framework structures in a similar shape, sometimes erected for country fairs or racing events in America. Readers of the world are quite unfamiliar with it, because it has been visited by so few travelers since the city in which it is a chief ornament was rediscovered after having been lost for something like eighteen hundred years. It is the theatre at Petra in the Arabian desert, about two days by easy caravan route from El Ma'an on the Hejaz Railway that runs from Damascus to El Medina and carries the majority of the Mohammedan pilgrims toward Mecca.

There is a pillar in front of the Roman temple known as Pharaoh's Treasury, or El Khazneh, whereupon all travelers scratch their names and nationalities, a desecration that is not smiled upon elsewhere, but which seems pardonable here, because it offers the only authentic list of visitors to Petra since Burckhardt rediscovered the ancient city in the year 1812. Since about the year 500 A. D. its location had been unknown, although it was once a metropolis of importance—probably the *sela* of the Old Testament—and a rendezvous for the caravans moving between Persia, Egypt and Syria.

According to the record upon the pillar there have been but ten American visitors to Petra, of whom E. M. Newman, the travel lecturer, and the writer, were the ninth and tenth. Consequently, the theatre, one of the most remarkable works of man, is unfamiliar, even in photographs, and there seems to be an indifference concerning the gigantic cameo, which should take its place along with the Sphinx, the Pyramids and other marvels of the antique world.

For this majestic theatre, with a seating capacity for three thousand spectators, is carved out of the solid rock!

And such rock! It is of the pink color of oleander petals, so that the profuse bloom of that shrub, which now grows in the arena, seemed almost to match the stone benches and the towering cliffs toward the west.

It is customary for travelers to Petra to halt in amazement before the Khazeneh, or any othe colossal carvings comprising the city in this rock basin and to overlook the comparative importance of this "edifice."

Men of the antique world seem to have built temples or palaces wherever they hesitated in their pilgrimages over the earth's surfaces. But they did not expend such vast labors as were required for the carving of this theatre upon a place of entertainment.

As to its date, nobody knows definitely and everything is conjecture, because Petra has no authentic history; but it must have been built in the heyday of the metropolis, when its rulers were particularly anxious to impress the beauty of the city upon all visitors, and when they were specially anxious for the fame of the city to pass to remote quarters.

It may have been suggested to the builders by a natural indenture in the rocky cliff, just as the Sphinx was doubtless suggested to its builders by its natural form. It is on the main street of the city, however, and it seems no accident that it is on the west side of the road. The tropical sun beats upon the stone benches

(*Continued on page* 196)

Photo Matzene

Cordially —
Margaret Illington.

GIOVANNI ZENATELLO
as Othello

© Mishkin ANNA PAVLOWA

© Mishkin THOMAS CHALMERS
in "Carmen"

Famous Artists in Mimo-choregraphic Opera

THE production of serious opera on an adequate scale in America has been mainly confined, in the past, to located institutions, each of which devoted its operations to one city, such as the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York, the Boston Opera Company in Boston, and the Chicago Opera Company in Chicago.

The newest operatic combination, formed under the managing direction of Max Rabinoff, has for its object the presentation of grand opera to other cities on the same scale to which the three leading American centres of musical art have become accustomed. In other words, its sponsors state that it is to be a national instead of a local opera company.

The most unique feature of the enterprise is the introduction of a modern art-form, new to America although very popular in Europe. This new departure embraces what are technically known as "mimo-dramatic" and "mimo-choregraphic" operas. The chief grand opera of the former classification which will be presented is Auber's "The Dumb Girl of Portici," in which Mlle. Pavlowa will appear in the title rôle. Hers is the only character in this opera interpreted in pantomime. Of "mimo-choregraphic" opera, there are two notable examples announced: Josef Holbrooke's new composition, "The Enchanted Garden," written by this foremost British operatic composer especially for Mlle. Pavlowa; and "Aleko" (The Gypsies), the score of which is by Rachmaninoff. The book of the former is by the noted poet, Douglas Mallach, and that of the latter is by Pushkin, the Russian librettist. In both of these compositions, the ballet and pantomimic features are an integral part of the story instead of being introduced as spectacular relief as in the older grand operas.

MAGGIE TEYTE
as Thais

For this new organization Mr. Rabinoff and his associates have engaged most of the members of the former Boston Opera Company and reinforced it with a number of additional international stars. They have also purchased all of the portable property of the former Boston Opera Company, including scenery and costumes for fifty-four operas. To this famous organization the management have added the lustre of the magic name of Pavlowa.

Mlle. Anna Pavlowa and her entire Ballet Russe will merge with the Boston Grand Opera Company in what the late Mr. Barnum would call "two great shows in one," but which Mr. Rabinoff—in his desire to abstain from applying circus methods to art—designates as "a dual artistic combination unprecedented in this country."

The two divisions—ballet and opera—will not give separate performances, as some may be inclined to suppose, but will appear together in joint programs. They will give an extensive repertoire of standard and modern grand operas, in which the added value of the Pavlowa Company will be apparent in the revival of the complete ballets originally composed for many of these operas—ballets that are seldom given in their entirety, and most of which have never been seen in this country.

© Miskin RICCARDO MARTIN
in "La Bohème"

Among the former favorites of the Boston Opera Company re-engaged are: Felice Lyne, the famous young American coloratura soprano; Giovanni Zenatello, the Italian dramatic tenor; Maggie Teyte, the English lyric soprano; Luisa Villani, dramatic soprano; Maria Gay, mezzo-soprano; George Baklanoff, baritone; Jose Mardonnes, basso; Elvira Laveroni, contralto; Roberto Moranzoni, first conductor, and Robert F. Brunton, technical director.

The entire orchestra of sixty musicians and chorus of seventy voices which contributed to the artistic success of the Boston Opera Company have also been retained.

To this list a number of noted operatic stars have been added: Marie Kouznetzova, first lyric soprano of the Petrograd Imperial Opera; Ippolito Lazzaro, formerly of La Scala, Milan, and now at Teatro Colon, Buenos Aires; Riccardo Martin; Gaudio Mansueto, an Italian basso whom the critics in Milan and Rome rank with Chaliapine; Thomas Chalmers, the well-known American baritone; Rosa Olitzka, the former Metropolitan

(Continued on page 196)

FELICE LYNE
as Marguerite in "Faust"

ALICE GERSTENBERG
Author of "Alice in Wonderland"

Photos McClure
MARGARET MAYO
Co-author of "Twin Beds"

RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG
Author of
"Brown of Harvard"

Margaret Mayo, in point of royalties the most successful of American women now writing for the stage, is the author of "Polly of the Circus," in which Mabel Taliaferro was the star, "Baby Mine," and "Twin Beds." She is the wife of Edgar Selwyn, the well-known author and producer. Alice Gerstenberg, youngest of the women playwrights, dramatized Lewis Carroll's child's classic, "Alice in Wonderland." Rida Johnson Young's earliest plays were "Brown of Harvard" and "The Boys of Company B." Last season she provided Chauncey Olcott with his Irish romantic comedy. Edith Ellis's most popular plays were "Mary Jane's Pa" and "The Seven Sisters." She has dramatized "The Devil's Garden," to be produced this season and is engaged upon a rural drama based upon James Whitcomb Riley's poems. Alice Bradley, sister of Madeline Lucette Riley, is a discovery of David Belasco's. Mr. Belasco produced her play "The Governor's Lady," which ran nearly a whole season at the Republic Theatre

EDITH ELLIS
Author of "The Devil's Garden"

ALICE BRADLEY
Author of "The Governor's Lady"

SOME WOMEN DRAMATISTS WHOSE PLAYS HAVE BEEN APPLAUDED ON BROADWAY

White

IRENE FENWICK
Who created the rôle of Lily Kardos in Edward Sheldon's play, "The Song of Songs"

From the Chorus to Stardom

By ADA PATTERSON

FOR merit, and because he believes her to be "the future greatest actress in the world," a manager has placed a young actress in the theatrical firmament. This season she will shine amidst the acknowledged stars of the season.

From the chorus to stardom is the ascent climbed by Irene Fenwick in nine years. Her name will flash its symbol of success above the title of the Sudermann play, adapted by Edward Sheldon. "The Song of Songs" she played 250 times last season. The play will be seen in Boston and Chicago, following its long continued success in New York. For the season following, a new play is in preparation.

It is a dizzy height of success for a girl of twenty-five. What is the reason for it? A pretty face and fragile figure with the apparent lightness of thistledown? Other chorus girls have had these and remained in the chorus. The quality of friend-making? Girls have developed that faculty and remained in the chorus. Why, then, this swift progress upward? I stated the proposition thus and asked Miss Fenwick to step outside of herself for a moment and analyze her own success.

It was not a poser, this demand. She is a very adequate young woman, serenely equal to occasion. She answered with a calm earnestness, oblivious, or seeming so, to the eager-eyed women and the interested men who whispered to each other in the dining-room of the Knickerbocker: "That girl in blue sitting at the window is Irene Fenwick, the girl who plays Lily Kardos in 'The Song of Songs.'

"I believe it is because when I resolved to become a great actress I determined to let nothing interfere with that purpose." She spoke deliberately, lifting blue eyes that are often characterized as childlike, but seemed to me to reflect a profundity of woman's wisdom. "I know I am not great now. No one knows that better than I. But I intend to become so. I am sure that if one has one purpose, and lets nothing interfere with it, that purpose will be attained.

"And I have followed that self-set rule. I have gone straight ahead on my course." She traced its parallel in a long, forceful line with a firm forefinger across the shining white linen of the luncheon table. "I hope you won't think me hard. Some do. But to attain a great ambition one must eliminate everything—everything but that.

The girl who sat across the table looked, in her simple blue serge suit, her white hat with its blue facing, her thin blouse of sheerest white muslin, like the veriest school girl. What set her apart from giggling members of a finishing class in a fashionable up-town school, was a keenly sensitive face, mobile as an aspen leaf, and a pair of profoundly thoughtful eyes, eyes that seemed to see far. And the eyes and the brain behind them do. As this storiette she told me will verify.

"It was a crisis in my life when Charles Frohman decided not to produce 'The Song of Songs.' I was in Atlantic City. The message came to me from Edward Sheldon.

"'I have been trying to get up courage all day to tell you,' he said. 'I am broken hearted over it but I feel still worse for you. It is all over. It won't be done.' My prompting was to indulge in hysterics. But I live by the rule, 'In all climaxes in your affairs use your brain.' I called that into service at once. It said to me: 'Al Woods is a progressive man and a daring one. I called him up at his office in New York.

"'Are you interested in new actresses and new authors?' He answered: 'Always.'

"I said: 'I am in a good play and I think I am doing good work. Won't you come over to see it?'

"'What time is it?' he asked.

"'Four o'clock,' I answered.

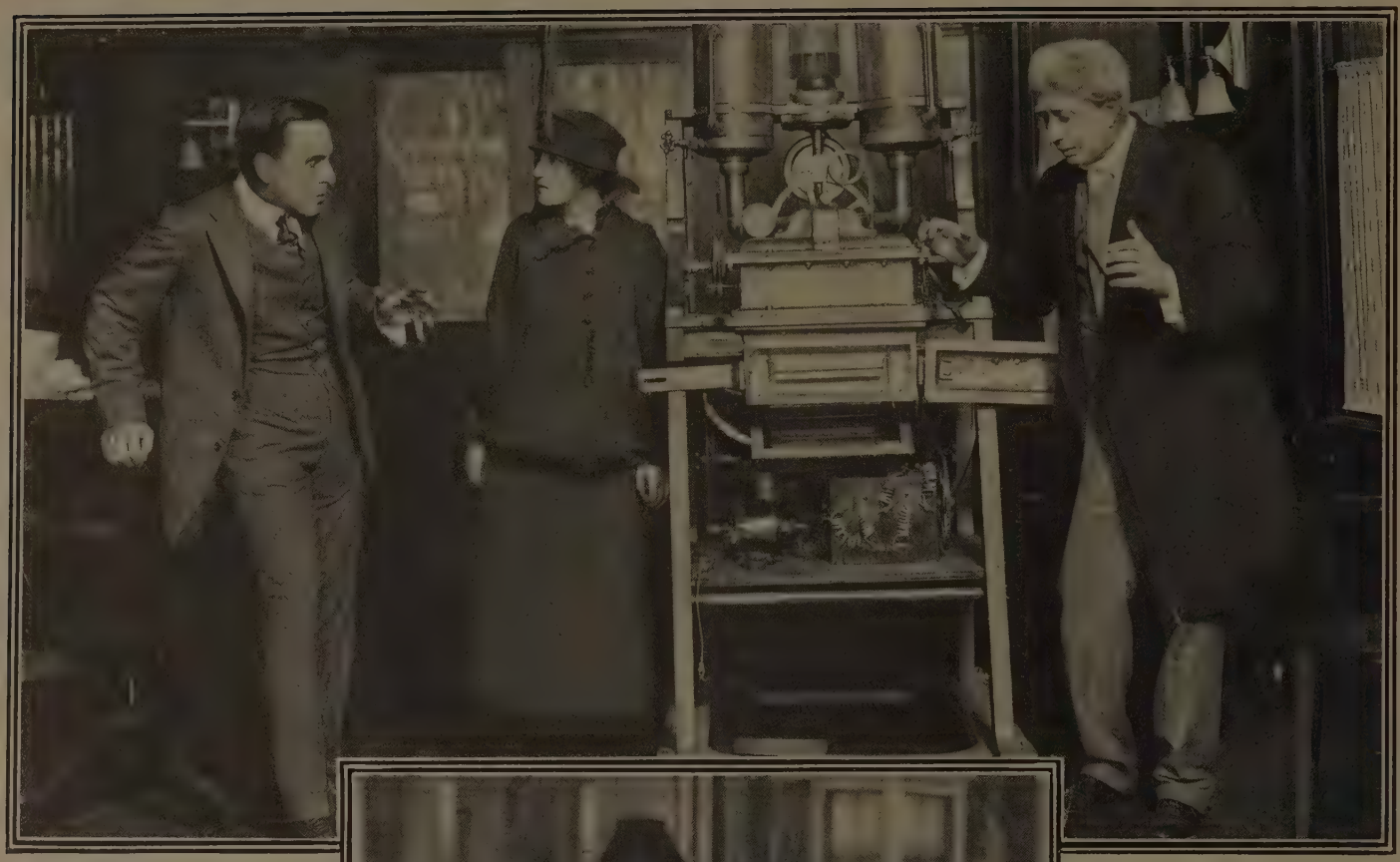
"'I will take the six o'clock train. Will that get me there in time to see all of the play?'

"I assured him it would and he came, and when the play was finished he came back and bought it."

"Victory from defeat," I quoted.

"Don't indulge in sentimentality," she repeated her rule. "It would have been sheer sentimentality to have hysterics. Don't fancy that I didn't feel bad about it." The mobile upper lip trembled at the recollection. But a second later she commanded a smile.

"Charles Frohman was my good friend and believed in me," the girl went on. "It was his advisers who were afraid of the candor of Sudermann's great work. I wasn't very far away from the chorus when I met Mr. Frohman. I was in London after my début in 'Peggy from Paris.' By the way it was George Ade who put me on the stage. There had been three weeks in the chorus. Then I was promoted to a small part. I had been with Louis Mann in 'The Second Fiddle.' Elsie Ferguson was in it too, and each of us had tiny parts and understudied



Photos White

Inez Buck and T. Roy Barnes
(Upper picture) Sidney Booth, Inez Buck and Gus Weinberg
SCENES IN "SEE MY LAWYER," AT THE ELTINGE THEATRE

more important principals. Mr. Mann has been telling of the lessons he gave us both in acting.

"In London someone advised me to see Mr. Frohman. I did and he engaged me. I played in 'The Brass Bottle,' 'The Speckled Band,' 'The Zebra,' and 'The Importance of Being Earnest' under his management."

It was during a rehearsal of "The Zebra" that, watching her bit of pantomime, Otis Skinner said to Mr. Frohman: "That girl will be a great actress some day."

Charles Frohman may have shared that belief. At any rate he urged upon the young actress the preciousness of simplicity. It was beyond price of rubies, he said. And to prove that he believed this, whenever in a rehearsal the girl of George Ade's discovery began to "act," whenever she thought of what an actress would do in a situation and evinced symptoms of artificiality, he ended the rehearsal.

It was in "Hawthorne, U. S. A.," that Miss Fenwick first registered deeply in the metropolitan consciousness. Her simple girlishness as the naive Princess who fell in love with the American of the play persists in the memory. Success in the drama of village life, "Along Came Ruth," followed.

Then came opportunity in the guise of "The Song of Songs," and that tragic moment in Atlantic City, when it seemed to her that the ground of her ambition was slipping from beneath her feet, that her dramatic life might be bounded by the portrayal of sugary misses, came the inspiration that saved the day and perhaps her dramatic future

"For I love to play tragedy," she said with childlike voice.

Though great directors have guided her work and she gives them their meed of credit, she owes her supreme naturalness of method, she says, to a teacher in the convent of St. Mary's, in South Bend, Indiana, where for nine years she was a pupil.

"We had a great many plays at school and I always played the leading part," she said. "One sister, who was swarthy and ugly of feature, but an undeveloped great actress, used to coach me. She said: 'When you tell me a fib I know by your voice that it isn't true. Don't tell fibs when you act.'

"There could be no greater lesson in acting," said the slim girl in blue. Which proved that the girl who came out of Chicago is grateful.

"How do you generate so much force in that small body?" I asked.

"By getting all the air I can. If I have to leave my bed at six in the morning, when I am doing a picture also, I leave it and walk through the park. No matter how busy my day I get fresh air. And everywhere I go I walk."

Not content with her success in the spoken drama, Miss Fenwick has also entered the motion picture field, and this work combined with studying new speaking parts, keeps her busy.

When we parted at the door of the big hostlery she did not step into her own automobile nor a convenient taxicab. She strode toward Fifth Avenue with a light step. Swiftly her small, serge figure disappeared in the walking crowd that surged through Forty-second Street. Few, if any, of the passers-by recognized in her the young actress whose name has so quickly come to the front on Broadway.

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Theatre From Solid Rock

(*Continued from page* 189)

until about three o'clock in the afternoon, making it uncomfortable for occupants. Then, however, it passes behind the projecting cliffs which form a "canopy" until evening.

Millions of chisel strokes were necessary to carve this theatre. There are several aisles, leading from the arena to the back wall with two neatly cut steps to each row of seats. There is a large cavern—also carved from the rock—at the side of the arena, doubtless where animals for the spectacles were kept until they were released, or from which the actors made their entrance.

It was all bewildering in its grandeur. I seated myself one one of the lower tiers of "benches" near the arena, at the time of my first visit to the theatre, and I was vaguely imagining one of the ancient spectacles, the seats filled with spectators, when momentarily, I not only had the surprise of my life, but observed for the first time, one of the most remarkable features of the theatre itself.

"The city officials would sit here," I said to myself. "The court—where would the monarch sit? Perhaps the 'royal box' has disappeared," I said to myself as I glanced around. There in the rocks at the back of the theatre were doubtless the royal lodges.

Books had told me that the "loges" might be the remains of tombs more ancient than the theatre, tombs that were partially destroyed when the theatre was carved. But I declined to believe the books and preferred to think that in the distant past, Petran kings and queens reposed on cushions in those loges, that gay rugs and scarfs from Persia were draped over their "balconies," and that——

Suddenly the worst-looking human being I have ever seen in my life, a hairy Bedouin, raised his face in the opening of the "royal loge." Where I had been looking for an ancient Petran king; there was a half-starved Arab looking as if he were a cannibal.

It was a shock, but I found afterward that I had been guilty of an injustice to the gentleman of Petra. The city is almost deserted, but a few inhabitants remain. They have a bad reputation and several of them have been executed by the government for robbery and murder. But this gentleman, who had been taking an afternoon snooze in the "royal loge," where he lives secure from prowling hyenas, came down from his lofty perch, and acted as my guide through the mysterious "structure," even to the apartments which he calls "home," and from which royalty once gazed on the attractions of a "Roman holiday."

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Famous Artists in Opera

(*Continued from page* 191)

contralto: Alma Weisshaar, soprano, Elizabeth Campbell, mezzo-soprano, Lasar Andres, tenor, and Richard Davis, baritone.

The conductors who will share the work with Sig. Moranzoni are Emil Kuper from the Petrograd Imperial Opera, Adolph Schmid, formerly at Covent Garden, London, Agide Jacchia, already well known in this country, and Amedeo Barbieri, from La Scala, Milan.

Special emphasis is placed by the management upon their acquisition of Prof. Ryszard Ordynski as the stage director of this new organization. He was for seven years chief

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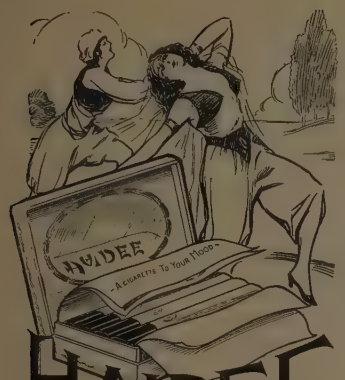

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With Mlle. Anna Pavlowa, in her Ballet Russe, which will be brought intact to this combination, the leading members are Ivan Clustine, choregraphic director and premier dancer, Alexandre Volinine, premier classic dancer, Stephanie Plaskovietzka, principal classic dancer and Stasia Kuhn, principal character dancer, surrounded with the usual large corps de ballet with which Mlle. Pavlowa has toured America for several seasons.

The repertoire will include many established favorites of the generally accepted grand opera repertoire, such as "La Gioconda," "Carmen," "Rigoletto," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "Othello," "Faust," "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Barber of Seville" and other popular offerings, with such novelties as "L'Amore dei tre re," "The Secret of Suzanne" and others.

This organization will open its season early this month (October) at the Auditorium in Chicago, and will afterward visit New York, Boston and other cities.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

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Society Gives a Show

(*Continued from page* 183)

ten dollar coin thrust into her hand for a nosegay the little Miss Vanderbilt began to make change. "No, no," said the donor. "Keep it for the cause."

"The phwat?" lisped the little volunteer from the nursery, who gradually nodded to the explanation that followed.

I am not surprised by the news that Mrs. Conde Nast, who was one of the clever Goudert girls, is going on a concert tour in the autumn. The most observed of modern commandments is "Do not hide your light under a bushel."

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs could succeed in any environment in which fate placed her. She would soon rise to leadership in it, for it was made clearly apparent at that time that she possesses the rare gift of executive ability.

Mrs. Whitney Warren was the gracious lady of the great fete. It was she who sent one of the performers away for a cup of tea when she looked weary and who gave the principals a luncheon at beautiful new Hilltop Inn. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs also gave what she termed a luncheon of thanksgiving for their efforts and aid.

A graduate from the professional state into the leisure and condition of audience was present in Mrs. August Belmont, once Eleanor Robson, quickly risen star who, she insists, has no more yearnings for the make-up pot.

Sarah Bernhardt

(*Continued from page* 173)

All business was suspended while he presented her to the members, who left their desks and gathered around her.

She was extremely shy and embarrassed, and left the impression of being a very modest, bashful artist. All she could think of to say was something about the weather, in a rather melancholy tone, because it was raining. They did not know that she was really afraid the weather would effect her business at the theatre.

She has probably had more beautiful photographs made of her than any other actress. Her own favorite picture is in the costume of "L'Aiglon." She has that rare quality in the feminine mind, logic. She reasons, and she has a mind of great executive capacity. Her memory is

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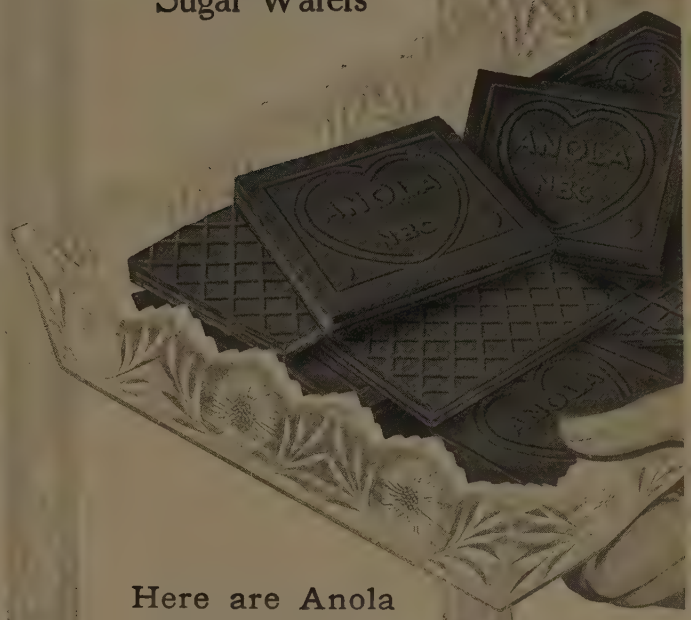

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phenomenal. I have seen her memorize a long part, almost at one reading. She conducts her own rehearsal with a speed and execution that is masculine in its control.

I am quite sure that Sarah Bernhardt is beyond the vanities of her sex. She does not have to look beautiful, she is beauty in its highest attribute of mental and spiritual glory. I have often argued with men about Bernhardt's beauty, and while most men admit her beauty, they are unable to justify it by comparison with other beautiful women. Her face is really a mirror of her wonderful soul, and every passing mood makes a new face of suggestive beauty. When she is serious, her beauty is classic; when she smiles the sunlight of her inner radiance makes those who see her adore her. Bernhardt's eyes are of many colors, as her emotions are of many depths.

She will be seventy years old on this coming tour, and yet I wager that she will be loved and envied by more young people than any other actress we shall see this season.

Sarah Bernhardt is the beautiful mystery in woman of this generation —she is the only superwoman.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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The New Plays

(*Continued from page* 169)

on a New York stage auspices well for his future. The word "natural" is written all over him. He makes the play a living, possible thing.

LYCEUM. "THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE." Farcical romance in three acts by Robert Marshall. Revived on September 6th.

That perennial favorite, Marie Tempest, has again been seen on Broadway in a double bill consisting of a revival of Captain Marshall's comedy "The Duke of Killicrankie," well known to American theatre-goers by John Drew's appearance in it some years ago, and a one-act comedy by James M. Barrie called "Rosalind." In this playlet Miss Tempest is wholly delightful in the part of a popular actress of her day who is thought young by all, but who in reality is middle-aged.

ASTOR. "HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY." Farce in four acts by George M. Cohan, suggested by George Middleton and Guy Bolton. Produced on September 13th.

As a volume of W. W. Jacob's stories is to a novel by Galsworthy so is "Hit-the-Trail Holliday" to a drama by Pinero. George M. Cohan's latest American farce, suggested by George Middleton and Guy Bolton, makes little pretension to accomplish more than it sets out to achieve. It is primarily designed to amuse in a simple and ingenuous way. It succeeds for it measures well up to that standard that Mr. Cohan has set for himself. Rich in character drawing, racy and redolent of transplanted Broadway soil, impeccably clean from suggestion it rattles along at the Astor through four acts of cheerful honest entertainment. Two admirably depicted

(*Continued on page* 200)

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appears to Harry Leon Wilson, author of "Bunker Bean," "The Spenders," "Ruggles of Red Gap" and other successful novels, and part author (with Booth Tarkington) of "The Man from Home."

This is what Mr. Wilson wrote in the New York SUN of April 17:

"I take a dozen monthly magazines — rather desperately, because I live in the country — the first dozen you would name, some cheap, some costly, and all, with one new and impudent exception, quite uniformly bad in their fiction. . . ."

And what is "the new and impudent exception"?

Mr. Wilson says it is THE NEW SMART SET.

And when it comes to fiction MR. WILSON KNOWS!

The NEW SMART SET is really new—in ownership, in tone, in cover, in contents. It is a civilized magazine for civilized readers. It costs a quarter, and it is worth every cent of it. —

25c. a copy *$3 a year*

The Dramatic Critic

(*Continued from page* 165)

The act of demolition is in full force. He is being torn asunder. He is still troubled by his "seriousness." Try as he will, he cannot detect the ludicrous side, and, of course, the ludicrous side really bulges? He begins to feel that he is persecuted, which is morbid, and he turns for sympathy to the little girl who has accompanied him. There he gets no sympathy at all. She is quite angry about it. Why had he always insisted upon telling the truth? Such an absurdly out-of-date idea, and so unpleasant! She did *so* want to see Tottie Coughdrop, and she had a lovely new gown, and—now they couldn't get in. It was most exasperating.

His uselessness—he calls it usefulness—is over. He considers it a tragedy; I insist upon his believing that it is a farce, as funny as anything that George M. Cohan ever wrote, which is saying a good deal.

* * *

Once more he buttonholes me, as we meet in a theatre where he is "allowed," until he will *not* be allowed. "Let them bite the hand that feeds them," says he. "If the theatre has nothing to offer but wares the advantages of which may be illumined by advertisement, then special writers like I am, who have made of dramatic criticism an art, that is read for its own sake by countless thousands—"

Actors and managers had actually told him that idiotic story!!

"—should go, and should rejoice at the going. The joys of the theatre hitherto displayed in double-leads, should be relegated to the infamy of the agate paragraph. Then the fittest would survive. Only the theatres that had ideals and ambitions would remain. Nothing could kill them. But the petty, the sordid, the commercial, would die from dessication of the very marrow, and would die in six months."

Frankenstein! Frankenstein!!

This was the sort of gas his destroyers had pumped into him. Actors, actresses, managers, friends of actors, friends of actresses, friends of managers, all had worked assiduously to place him on the melancholy pedestal from which he could survey their own demerits, and, of course, when he *could* survey them and *did* survey them, they hated him. They were afraid of him; they feared for their own lives. If they had left him alone, poor youth! If they had permitted him to fulfill his ghastly job as best he could, how much easier it would have been for him, and for them!

The things that "great" men have said against critics are flashed upon him by those not "great" enough to originate anything. He reads again Dr. Johnson's remark that criticism is a study "by which we grow important and formidable at small expense"; Coleridge's assertion that "people who would have been poets, historians, biographers, if they could have tried their talents at one or the other, and have failed; therefore they turn critics"; Lord Beaconsfield's epigram: "Who are the critics? Those who have failed in literature and art"; and Shelley's words: "As a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in defiance, so an unsuccessful author turns critic." This is old stock, but always useful.

Yet it is thrown at the head of the poor youth who a few years ago had nestled unknown in the comfortable opulence of an aisle seat on the "big" opening night of a highly heralded "Broadway production," perfectly happy, wearing a slouchy "business"

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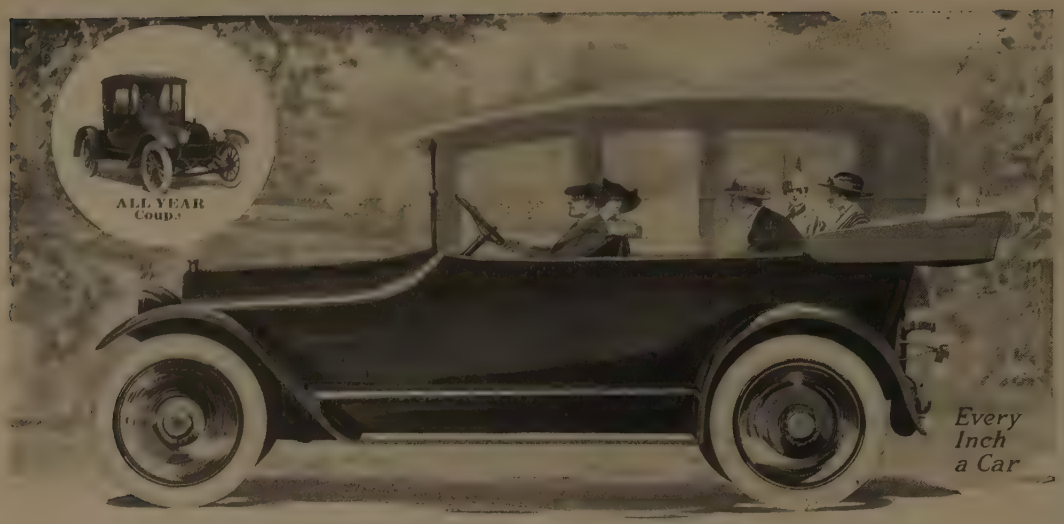
Mr. Alan Dale, *the well-known theatrical writer, has become a regular contributor to the* ***Theatre Magazine,*** *his first article appearing in this number.*

Our readers will be interested in following his articles in subsequent issues.



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suit, and a preoccupied look. He might have said to his destroyers, in the language of the Ruined Lady, in the latest "ten-twent'-and-thirt'": "You have made me what I am."

* * *

Of course, it is ridiculously easy to believe you are great when it is dinned into your ears. When you are told that you are loved and appreciated for your own sake, it is pleasant to look upon that as true. An agreeable liar is hard to withstand, even though you know that he *is* a liar. Amiable insincerity is something much nicer than unamiable sincerity. Many of us create monsters and then rend them as soon as they have grown big and haughty.

In the case of the dramatic critic the task is simple. A monster is created every year, and perhaps demolished the next year. Nor can he ever escape. He may read all this, but it will make no difference. The honeyed words of managers will sweeten his ears; the utterances of actresses, dying to sit at his feet, will appeal to his vanity; the loudly expressed approbation of players who have not yet failed will rejoice his heart—until they fail!

And he will stand on his flimsy pedestal until it is kicked from under him.

ALAN DALE.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

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The New Plays

(*Continued from page 198*)

types are the brewer and his son as drawn by Clifford Dempsey and Purnell Pratt. Rich local types are contributed by John D. O'Hara, Edgar Halstead, Frederick Maynard and Joseph Allen.

COMEDY. "JUST BOYS." Play by Katherine Browning Miller and Allena Kanka. Produced Sept. 13th.

Youthful delinquents and the Juvenile Court are getting their theatrical opportunity now. "Just Boys" has a more realistic scenic investiture of a Juvenile court room than its rival play, "Young America," but this is the only point wherein it scores. A more inexperienced arrangement of scenes and a thinner quality of plot and characterization has never been seen except in plays written for school consumption.

GAIETY. "JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR." Play in three acts by Jules Eckert Goodman. Produced on August 30th.

An almost perfectly constructed play, presented by a cast quite unusual in its individual strength and general balance, "Just Outside the Door" nevertheless seemed to lack the indefinable something that goes to establish popular appeal. Its career at the Gaiety was limited. Its author, Jules Eckert Goodman, believing that co-incidence plays a large part in human happenings ingeniously twisted a complicated sequence of events depending on the "long arm." It was a worthy effort even though it failed to draw.

COMEDY. "MR. MYD'S MYSTERY." Farcical play in three acts by Lillian Trimble Bradley. Produced on August 16th.

"Mr. Myd's Mystery" exploded after a two weeks' run. The real mystery was why it was ever produced. A very old-fashioned and childish concoction was Lillian Trimble Bradley's adaptation of an English story. Taylor Holmes was the Mr. Myd, a writer of detective tales, who, mistaken as the murderer of his own wife, played it out for the purpose of getting fresh material for a new novel. He went through the established complications with fine mercurial vivacity and much facial play.

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FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

Photos Underwood and Underwood

A room designed by Miss Elsie de Wolfe for Mr. Ellis and completed with his own individual touches of flowers, photographs and books

Miss A. Archbald,

care Theatre Magazine Co., New York City.

My Dear Miss Archbald:

Your letter of the other day asked me whether I could give you some of the principles on which I work in creating my costumes for the stage. I have no hard and fast rules, simply certain framework beliefs to use as starting points.

Don't you think it would be better if you came up some morning and talked the matter over with me? I am sure I could convey my ideas to you so much more clearly by talking than by writing.

Very sincerely yours,

Melville Ellis

MR. MELVILLE ELLIS

I ARRIVED two minutes ahead of my appointment at the apartment of Mr. Ellis. "Would I be seated," said the valet, "and Mr. Ellis would be in directly." Very happily! It gave me pause to look about me at the marvellous room into which I had entered. Miss Elsie de Wolfe "did" it I was informed later. Well, the proportions and basic arrangement, to be sure, but not the finishing touches of flowers, books, photographs, delightfully curious uses of green and red, those details which create the atmosphere of a room and for which its occupant is responsible.

I had come in eager response to Mr. Ellis' letter to learn more about his work in costume designing. And the room convinced me before ever Mr. Ellis returned that here was a man who thoroughly knew his job. It is an absolute *coup de maître*, for example, to be able to place a bowl of mauvy-pinkish asters against a background of crimson damask curtain at one window, to hang further along at another a silk vivified by the light shining through to a rich ruby, and to stab a desk standing in between the two windows with various quill pens of just a semi-tone variant, "and get away with it." Such juggling with shades of one color, of which there were other manifestations in the room, has the virtuosity of some of the modern music. I think Mr. Ellis would permit me that comparison, though he doesn't care much for the recent theory of analogies between certain notes of music and shades of color. "Mostly bunk" he characterized and dismissed it.

However, I'm getting ahead of my story, which should properly commence with the eleven o'clock arrival of Mr. Ellis, prompt to the minute despite the fact that he confessed himself harried from pillar to post with the task of creating gowns for four different shows at one and the same time, besides being connected with the big dress-making establishment of Hickson & Co.

"Where do you want me to start?" he smiled ingratiatingly as he dropped down in front of the desk, and continued, saving my answering: "Probably with when and how I first began designing costumes. I began twelve years ago. It was during a rehearsal of some play or other of Louis Mann's, which I was watching. The dresses were excruciating; they got on my nerves. I said so to Mr. Lee Shubert. 'Do you think you could improve on them?' he inquired somewhat coldly. 'I do,' I replied. 'All right, go ahead,' he said. I did, the costumes were satisfactory and accepted. That was my start and I've been designing off and on ever since, having had a hand in dressing about all the people on the stage who are really worth dressing.

"One of the first things I did was to take Lotta Faust and make her over from a little Dutch girl into the choicest thing imaginable." To the latter part of the statement I nodded an emphatic assent, remembering that smart little person. "I took Kitty Gordon, who had always refused to wear a very low-cut gown on the stage, snipped out the back of her dress and gave her her justly celebrated décolleté. By standing and sticking pins into Trentini here and there for three hours I discovered the exact artistic point at which to designate a waist line for her. I am working on costumes for Elsie Janis now, and recently finished the gowns for Marie Tempest in "The Duke of Killiecrankie." As a rule I never permit my people to see their

COSTUMES IN MELVILLE ELLIS' ACT AT ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC

MISS KOFFER—Nun's costume, made by Hickson; robe and cowl of cloth of gold, girdled with emerald beads, black velvet mantle lined with green and black striped velvet, hood of same.

MISS CASSIDY—American dance frock, made by Hickson; iridescent piallet edged with rose, blue and mauve chiffon, hangings of tiny roses, cross over of pink silk over bodice of iridescent blue, mauve, and pink with narrow touches of silver.

MISS OLIVE THOMAS—Peace costume, made by Collins; white chiffon over cloth of silver, at intervals around skirt fan-shaped insertions of turquoise blue caught up to waist by tiny chains of diamonds, cross over of white ostrich plumes across back of waist, two big diamond roses at front of bodice.

clothes till they are finished. I have a lining fitted and I try materials and colors against the individual—Marie Tempest, for instance, gave me twelve sittings—but she must wait for the dress rehearsal to see the completed product.

"I don't very often work from a sketch. When I do I never copy it exactly; I simply use it the way an architect uses the ground plan for a house, as something to build on. One couldn't very well. Color comes out so differently under the calcium. Its force has to be so much more intensified to carry from the stage. In fact to get the shades I want I have to have my materials specially dyed and even then to go into the factory and work with the men. Some days I've been at it from six to six.

"And the same careful handling that I give color on the stage I give, of course, in the clothes I create for personal wear, taking into consideration every angle of when and where a gown is to be worn. An excellent principle to follow in all cases is that one may use eccentricity in line but not in color.

"There isn't a detail from top to bottom of stage designing—and this should hold true for the designing of individual frocks—that doesn't have to be figured on. I may plan for a specially desired effect and find my lines go all awry, killed by a certain step that the chorus has to take. Sometimes a whole set of costumes has to go to the scrap heap and a fresh departure made."

Mr. Ellis earlier in ths interview denied "with both hands" any great inspiration, or God-given talent. But when pinned right down he had to acknowledge to the gift of an instinctive feeling for color and line—just as he has for music—"which was born in me, I suppose," he said, "and for which I am not responsible, but eternally grateful. I can assure you." What Mr. Ellis was really trying to repudiate, I think, was any chance belief in the popular mind that such results and authority as he had obtained had come by anything save hard work.

The outline I have just given of his painstaking methods, his attention to detail, his sincerity of purpose, should disprove that. But we don't really have to define the "cosmic urge" in Mr. Ellis, whether God-given talent, or genius for hard work, or one supplementing the other. Results are what we are after and they are sufficiently evident in such lovely costumes as he designed for the Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic" or the absolutely sensational gowns for Julian Eltinge's wear in "Cousin Lucy"—the latest cry in modes.

"In Paris, you know," said Mr. Ellis, "styles are started on the stage. All the feminine world looks to it to find out what the big dressmaking houses are going to launch for a fresh season. There is no reason why the same thing should not hold good for this country, and no reason at all," he asserted emphatically, "why we should have to go to Europe for styles. We can weave as fine fabrics here in America as any that come from the other side. We have for inspiration the most beautiful women in the world, women of individualty and ideas on how they should like to have that individuality brought out. The trouble up to now has been that there were not enough to us here to co-operate with them. I am in fullest sympathy with the movement for American fashions—in fact I am to enter and have full charge of scores of models in the monster Fashion Fête to be given at Carnegie Hall in November."

The valet interrupted us at this point with some question or other anent the disposal of a parcel which had just arrived by express.

"Oh, it's Miss Marrar's last-act 'Carmen', dress," said Mr. Ellis "which I did for her the past year. Would you like to see it?"

He began to untie strings and unwrap tissue paper, as he spoke, and finally shook out the Farrar-Carmen garment, a pinkish-scarlet bolero over an underdress woven of pearl beads, that in turn over skirts of tarlatan bound with various colors. It was crushed and stained and testified to the strenuous work that Miss Farrar had been through in posing at the Hollywood Studios.

"You can see it's almost in shreds," said Mr. Ellis. "Mis Farrar is sending it to me to be recopied. As a matter of fact she was so pleased with this one product of mine, that she has discarded her other Carmen dresses and I am to do the whole set for her this season." And Miss Farrar as Carmen smiled assent from the silver-framed photograph on the grand piano.

"I have aspiration toward doing some more grand opera costumes," Mr. Ellis remarked, "and above all I am longing to get my hands on the chorus. I can't understand why the same amount of attention that is paid to the robing of a comic opera chorus should not be given to the opera chorus as well. The procedure, as it stands now, is to send to the other side for a shipload of costumes—incidentally involving more expense than is necessary if they were done on this side—which seems to come in the limited sizes of A and B, say, but with no provision made for those possessing a possible C or D figure. Consequently, though your ear may be enchanted by the colume of harmony, your eye half the itme is antagonized by the volume of confused lines running every whcih way. And this confusion is particularly noticeable because the voice, instead of a certain uniform standard of physical proportions is the determining factor in choosing the chorus for Grand Opera, and the voice is no respector of uniform dimensions.

"I believe in the proper fitting of a chorus costume and a certain amount of adaptation to the individual, but I am not at all in favor of this idea of giving to each member of a chorus a frock that is distinctly different from the next. One kills the other.

"I should like to work out in Grand Opera also some of my ideas about harmonizing the background

MARGARET MORRIS—Spanish costume, made by Collins; American beauty shade embroidered in jet and spangles of intense colors mantle drapery of American beauty velvet embroidered heavily in gold front of bodice ornamented with one big gold revere, skirt trimmed part way, draped with long chenille fringe, around the bottom with dark fur, cloak of dead green velvet, large black hat.

Miss Ina Claire

Leading woman for the Ziegfeld Follies at the New Amsterdam Theatre. The hat worn by Miss Claire is from Knox—a Quaker effect of hatter's plush trimmed with fur and tinsel.

© Ira L. Hill's Studio

to costumes. I was the first one to try out such a scheme in one of the reviews, and most extraordinarily effective it was too, if I may be permitted to say so myself."

Both the "Midnight Frolic" and the "Cousin Lucy" gowns were designed by Mr. Ellis in connection with the Hickson establishment, and they are particularly interesting as examples of the link that may be formed between stage and personal dressing, that is of how a general scheme designed primarily for the actress may be modified for the individual person. For modified it has to be. Mr. Ellis told me that an exact "word for word" copy of a stage dress should never be worn off of it, no matter how simple the original lines and coloring might seem, unless one wanted to attract spectacular attention. But the original gown by expert hands, or even with one's own careful study of adaptation could be copied and made to have the same general effect. It was probably with this in mind that Hickson showed at the Newport Fashion Fête a suit model in white cloth trimmed with dark fur similar to the one which Julian Eltinge wears in "Cousin Lucy"; and at the Ritz Carlton Show in August an evening cloak built on the same conventual lines as the nun's costume worn by Miss Koffer in the "Midnight Frolic." The latter, made of black velvet with a peaked monk's hood and wide flowing sleeves, striking and yet not too sensational for good form, blended and reconciled both dramatic and domestic qualities.

Photo Underwood & Underwood

Mr. Ellis caught at a moment of leisure in his busy existence. The picture has the threefold merit of showing not only Mr. Ellis, but one bit of his beautiful room and several of his latest "brain children" as well.

Digressing a moment to the subject of Fashion Shows, which have assumed such important proportions in this country lately, why shouldn't we be in line, when the war is over, to initiate an International Fashion Show with New York as its rallying point and Mr. Ellis to take charge. Judging from the rate that native talent, now that it has been given opportunity to develop is progressing the largest average of blue ribbons should be carried off by the home team.

Mr. Ellis is unquestionably an artist whose aspiration is toward bigger things all the time. He is the first man that America has had who can establish for himself the accredited position and distinction that such couturiers as Poiret or Worth have in Paris. Whether from a lingering trail of Puritanism or from a pervasive commercialism the business of clothes has not been deemed worthy of the efforts of the American man seeking a vocation. We are indebted to Mr. Ellis for justifying it completely as an artistic calling and putting it on a plane with the other arts, as the French do. Hail, Mr. Ellis, but not Farewell! ANNE ARCHBALD.

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So many of our readers have written us for news of where and how to purchase the articles shown in "Footlight Fashions."—

So many have said, "I live away from the city and it is so irksome to come in."—

So many have said, "I cannot find this lovely thing you show—will you get it for me?"—

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PROMPTED by what we see of the clothes and the furnishings of the lovely homes of such prominent women of the stage as Miss Billie Burke and Miss Ann Murdock, the articles shown in "Footlight Fashions" are those that we find in the smartest shops that most nearly resemble them.

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Clothes Seen On The Stage

Fawn is the color and gabardine the material of Miss Hedman's last-act suit. You may see how simple is the idea (Bendel simplicity) of the circular jacket and skirt with its quota of buttons and yet how effective!

I SEEM to be hearing much lately from the Ladies of the Stage of the extreme desirability for simplicity in dress; that is, you understand, not simplified dressing, but simplicity in the frock itself. "Simplicity," emphasized Miss Ina Claire in my last month's interview with her. "Simplicity," likewise Miss Martha Hedman, leading lady of "The Boomerang," and the delectable subject of this month's article. What both ladies really have in mind, I think, is a complex simplicity, if I may be allowed the conjunction of ideas supposed to be mutually exclusive; that is a simplicity based on complexity, a simplicity that conceals itself, that is dependent in consequence on someone's expert knowledge of color values and what constitutes beautiful lines; such simplicity, in short, as would come from a Lucille or an atelier on the Rue de la Paix. Over the preference for a simplicity of that calibre no one, I imagine, wishes to become contentious. Anybody who is able to pay the price is only too glad to have it. The trouble has been to obtain it without that.

THE COMMODITY OF SIMPLICITY.

But there are signs on the horizon that the commodity is beginning to appear in regions where a purse not altogether gorged may pursue and capture it. One of these signs is the new models turned out by American designers for the best New York shops. Another the recent Fashion Show at the Ritz-Carlton. Another this very insistence on simplicity by such an authority as Miss Hedman. Let standards be set by people at the top who know and we, becoming sufficiently convinced of the need for a thing, can create it even on and for slender resources.

"I'm so afraid of overdoing in acting, in clothes, in everything," said Miss Hedman, a propos of the subject. "I'd much rather underdo than overdo."

"Which do you think is the prevailing characteristic of American women, Miss Hedman?" I asked. Miss Hedman, in case you don't know, is Swedish, and has only been over here three years, coming to us from Sweden via a year in London.

"Well, I think it's this way," she figured it out carefully. "Over here, speaking generally, you have well-dressed women and over-dressed women. And on the other side we have well-dressed women and frumps. Of the two I don't know which I prefer, though being a foreigner perhaps I'm a bit partial to the frumps. Even a frump in dress can sometimes have a kind of distinction, a personality which seems to deride the preoccupation with clothes and rises superior to it. But an overdressed woman never can have distinction of any kind. There is a maxim to "grapple to one's soul with hooks of steel" for all future shopping.

"Do you like clothes yourself, Miss Hedman?"

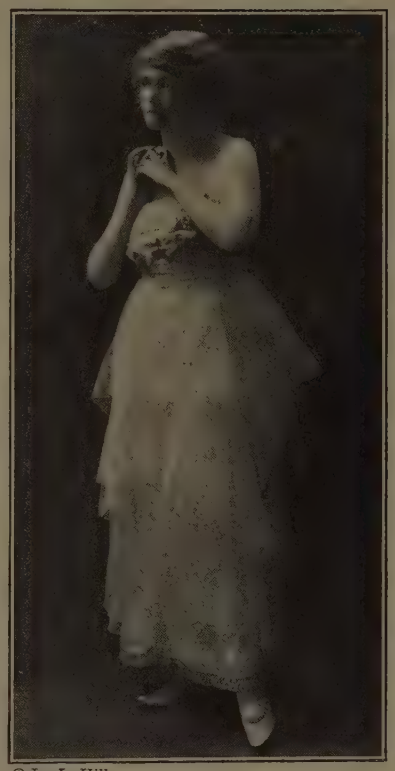
"Very much," she responded quickly. "And I think they're very important and should be thought out to express one's personality if they're personal clothes, and to express the character one is playing, if they're stage clothes. But I do think they should be kept in their proper place. This everlasting absorption that some women have in the subject to the exclusion of everything else is quite dreadful. I think about clothes, to be sure," she concluded amusingly, "but I hope I don't go round *dreaming* about them."

"And fashion, what about that?"

MISS HEDMAN AN ADVOCATE OF FASHION.

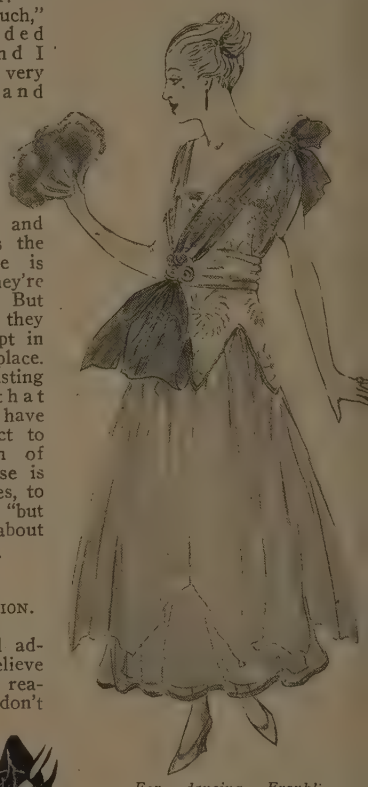
"I believe in it," she replied and advanced an interesting theory. "I believe we should keep up with it—within reasonable limits of course—that if we don't we ossify. We need the change to keep us young. Haven't you ever seen a woman who has had some event in her life that she counted as her most supreme adventure, say an inheritance, or a tragedy, or a love affair who has kept to the fashion of the particular period in which this happened to her? She has stopped growing, that is she has stopped changing, and her dress is the outward symbol of her inward stagnation."

Then Miss Hedman showed me the three dresses she wears in "The Boomerang," which were evidences of her love for simplicity—Bendel simplicity. The gown which she is wearing in the photograph shown here, like another white stage frock mentioned in a recent article, gets its round of applause on Miss Hedman's appearance in it. Being very décolleté, especially in the back, it shows off beautifully Miss Hedman's exquisite neck and shoulders, and she does in truth look like the veriest frostiest blonde angel that ever adorned a Christmas tree. The filmy tulle skirts are weighted down with here a silver rose and there a silver rose and a novel silver girdle



© Ira L. Hill

The gown which Miss Hedman is wearing in the photograph shown here, like another white stage frock mentioned in a recent article, gets its round of applause on her appearance in it.



For dancing Franklin Simon shows a frock whose color scheme was daring and yet entirely harmonious.

The blue gabardine and faille materials of which this Maurice model are made are imported and the quality of them fairly "talks."

One of the prize winning coats from the recent Fashion Show at the Ritz Carlton. The material is new, a black channel cord.

A beautiful one-piece dress that I saw at Russek's of dark brown silk velvet trimmed with beaver and gilt filigree buttons. It would make an ideal frock for street wear on cool October days.

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The Fourteenth Year (1914) is bound in TWO VOLUMES

"A Necessity of Higher Civilization"

JEWELRY," said the jewellers in recent convention assembled, "is not a luxury but a necessity of higher civilization." They amplified this by stating that it shaped loves and hates, that its far-reaching influence stretched from the cradle to the grave. And they added—showing the nigger in the woodpile—that the time had come when there should be fashions in jewelry, changing with the seasons as did clothes.

Personally I regard the jewellers as conscienceless villains plotting to take the bread from our mouths. For they offer enticing things enough as it is to lead one to a starvation diet or a life of crime for the sake of possession. To have an added stimulus put to almost everyone's instinctive love of gems is really creating too much of a burden for frail human nature to struggle under.

I'm afraid, however, that their deep-dyed plots will prevail, have prevailed in fact, for already at Gorham's and E. M. Gattle & Company's I noted a fine Italian hand at work. "E'en now" distinctly new tendencies and fashions in jewelry are being displayed for the fall.

Gattle, for instance, was making a feature in their designs of sapphires, large and small, combined with diamonds, and of pear-shaped stones. A marquis ring from that house has two pear-shaped diamonds on either side of a round canary diamond; graduated lines of small diamonds run toward the back. Another ring in marquis shape had one pear-shaped diamond and one pear-shaped sapphire, both set in platinum lace work and diamonds.

Gorham shows the loveliest slide for a black velvet neck ribbon that is quite new. The ribbon itself is no more than three-eighths of an inch wide and the slide, an inch and a quarter long and the width of the ribbon, frosty with tiny diamonds set in platinum, is curved to fit snugly to the neck in front. A tiny square of the same frosty diamond work clasps the ribbon in the back.

Gorham is also showing unusual settings for solitaire engagement rings, cutting the diamond hexagonally in the first place to give greater brilliancy and then setting it in a frosty lace-work of platinum and small diamonds. The time has gone past, they say, when even a marvellously beautiful stone may be set any which way and "get away with it." Fashion now insists that the whole ring, or pin, or whatever, must be a work of art in itself.

At both houses platinum prevailed for settings and the different pieces I saw, either pins encrusted with tiny diamonds or rings, or lavallières, had that delicious frosty and lace-like appearance.

My space forbids me to go into the detail I could wish. But I should like to call your attention to the two bracelets, rather bracelet and bangle, I chose to portray. The bracelet is of strands of small baroque pearls and tiny olivines linked by platinum and is from the Gorham Company. The bangle is set with onyx and E. M. Gattle is its sponsor. Pearls at the wrist have the effect of softening the hand; and the black of onyx should afford a fine foil for making it seem white.

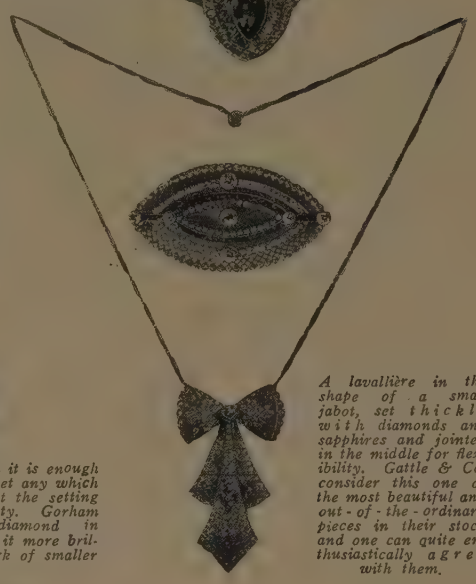
One thing is to be remembered. It is no longer permissable to wear rubies at the throat, a sapphire bracelet, and a mixture of pearls, diamonds and colored stones on the fingers.

"Good taste" has always rebelled at it, but as long as the all-powerful "mode of the moment" did not absolutely forbid it was done.

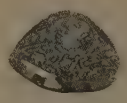
The sheer beauty of each individual piece has been the excuse for wearing a hodgepodge of jewelry. But things are changed now—the beauty and taste of the ensemble is the only thing to be considered.

Stones, in different pieces of jewelry that one is wearing at the same time, should match. Here is a marquis ring with one pear-shaped diamond and one pear-shaped sapphire to go with either the brooch or the lavallière of sapphires and diamonds.

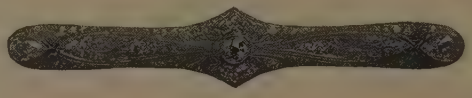
Sapphires are to be the stone of popularity this season and platinum the metal. Here is a brooch compounded of sapphires, diamonds and pearls in a lace-like design, whose artistic beauty needs no extrinsic boost.



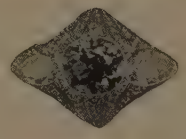
A lavallière in the shape of a small jabot, set thickly with diamonds and sapphires and jointed in the middle for flexibility. Gattle & Co. consider this one of the most beautiful and out-of-the-ordinary pieces in their stock and one can quite enthusiastically agree with them.



The day has gone by when it is enough to wear a beautiful stone set any which way. Fashion decrees that the setting match the stone in beauty. Gorham cutting his solitaire diamond in hexagonal shape to render it more brilliant, sets it in a lace work of smaller diamonds.



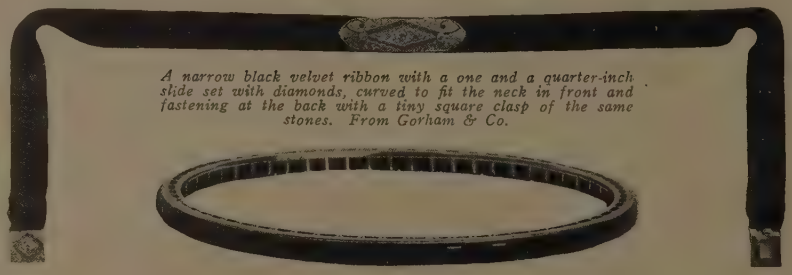
Gattle calls this a bar-pin, but if so it is a very much glorified one. Again the pear-shaped diamonds to the front!



Pear-shaped stones are a feature of the new Fall offerings of E. M. Gattle & Co. An exquisite marquis ring is this with its pear-shaped diamonds surrounding a wonderful "wine-yellow" canary diamond. Lines of small diamonds run toward the back.

A bar pin of the unusual color combination of topaz and amethysis. Gorham suggests ear-rings with long topaz or amethyst drops to go with this.

Black and white combinations are to be used by the generality as well as by those in mourning. Gattle & Co. offer a bowknot in onyx and diamonds which would make a striking combination worn with the onyx and diamond bracelet shown below.



A narrow black velvet ribbon with a one and a quarter-inch slide set with diamonds, curved to fit the neck in front and fastening at the back with a tiny square clasp of the same stones. From Gorham & Co.

A black velvet moiré ribbon bracelet. The ornament in the middle is formed of a moonstone carved with a figure of Cupid. Four small sapphires stud the corners of the platinum setting. Gorham & Co.

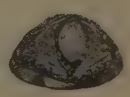
Flexible bracelet of square set diamonds bordered with onyx, to be worn preferably with some other black and white piece of jewelry if one wishes to have the smart touch. From Gattle & Co.

A strikingly beautiful sapphire and diamond brooch with a carved crystal, scarab on one side, head of Mercury on the other, swinging in the centre of the platinum oval. From Gorham.

Pearls soften the hand. This artistic bracelet from Gorham is made of strands of baroque pearls set with olivines and linked by platinum.

The use of pink tourmalines with green tourmalines by Gorham varies this brooch delightfully from the round variety we have been seeing.

A ring of platinum which, though set with nine diamonds of graduated size, would be entirely suitable, through a certain demure simplicity, for "tailor-suit" wear.



A marquis cut diamond with tiny green emeralds and small diamonds surrounding it. From Gorham & Co.

The latest novelty in watches from E. M. Gattle. A brooch with a small oblong watch, set in platinum and diamonds, attached.

QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with player's purely personal affairs will be ignored.

I. L. C., Marion, Mass.—Q.—Kindly publish some account of Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat. 2. Is she going to act in New York this winter?

A.—Mlle. Dorziat was born at Epernay, Marne, educated in Paris, and prepared for the stage by Mlle. A. Gerlaut and at the Conservatoire. She made her début at the Parc Theatre, Brussels, November, 1900, as Marianne in Molière's play, "L'Avare." From 1901 to 1905 she appeared at the Gymnase, Paris, and from 1905 to 1907 at the Vaudeville, later playing at other Paris theatres. On June 18, 1904, she made her début in London at the Avenue Theatre in the title rôle of "Antoinette Sabrier," and in May, 1913, she played Marcelle de Ligneray in "Croesus" at the Garrick, performing in English. Last season she was seen in New York with William Faversham in "The Hawk." 2. As yet there have been no announcements concerning Mlle. Dorziat's plans for this season.

I. P., New York City—Q.—Is Ruth Chatterton to appear in New York in a new play? Kindly give me a short biography of her life and career.

A.—Ruth Chatterton recently played an engagement at the Gaiety Theatre in her popular success "Daddy Long Legs." 2. Miss Chatterton, one of the youngest stars on the American stage, is a New York girl and had her first stage experience in stock in Milwaukee and Worcester. Later she played a small part in "Miss Patsy" during the brief engagement of that play in Chicago. Following that she was ingenue with Henry Kolker in "The Great Name." Later she played small parts in the Columbia Theatre Stock Company aat Washington, D. C. It was there that Henry Miller found and engaged her for the rôle of Cynthia in "The Rainbow" in which she was extraordinarily successful. Her next appearance was in "Daddy Long Legs" which has had long runs in both New York and Chicago. After the first night of "Daddy Long Legs," Miss Chatterton was raised to stardom.

C. H., Butte, Mont.—Q.—Kindly give me the address of a motion picture producing company?

A.—Vitagraph Co. of America, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Selig Co., Chicago, Ill.; Lubin Mfg Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; etc., etc.

A Subscriber—Q.—Is the following statement relative to the business arrangements between managers and authors correct?

"In the old days the managers got their share of the stock royalties, but under the new system the author usually retains this privilege." Is it customary for the author to retain the motion picture rights as well?

A.—The producing manager shares the stock rights with the author half and half. This also applies to the picture rights

C. F., Schenectady, N. Y.—Q.—Kindly tell me where I can procure photos of Pavlowa and Nazimova suitable for framing?

A.—Mishkin Studio, 467 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Reader, Syracuse, N. Y.—Q.—Has a recent photograph of Irene Franklin been published in THE THEATRE. Kindly tell me in what number it appears.

A.—See page 184 of this issue.

L. B., Bradford, Pa.—Q.—In what play will Ethel Barrymore appear this season. 2. Is May Irwin to act in a new piece this season?

A.—It is announced that Ethel Barrymore will star in "Emma McChesney & Co.," a dramatization of Edna Ferber's "Roast Beef Medium" stories. 2. May Irwin is now appearing at the Park Theatre in a new play by Leroy Scott entitled "No. 33 Washington Square."

A. V. F., Washington, D. C.—Q.—Please publish the dates of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE which have contained photographs of Julia Marlowe and designate the characters portrayed. 2. Where can I purchase a photograph of Miss Marlowe?

A.—The following is a list of the photographs of Miss Marlowe published in THE THEATRE within the last few years:

August, 1915—On her boat at Westhampton, L. I. April, 1915—As she looked in 1888. June, 1914—As Juliet. October, 1913—As Ophelia, as Viola, with E. H. Sothern in "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet" and in private life. Lengthy article in this number entitled "Sothern and Marlowe—An Estimate." August, 1913—In "The Taming of the Shrew," full page. March, 1913—As Juliet, with E. H. Sothern, full page as Ophelia. September, 1912—Personal picture. December, 1912—As Viola and Juliet. August, 1911—Full page as Rosalind. January, 1911—Full page as Lady Macbeth. March, 1911—As Juliet. December, 1910—As Lady Macbeth. October, 1909—Full page. March, 1909—Cover in "The Goddess of Reason," and two pictures in "The Goddess of Reason." February, 1909—Full page in "The Goddess of Reason." 2. You can purchase photographs of Miss Marlowe from White Studio, 1546 Broadway, or Sarony, 362 Fifth Avenue, this city.

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Columbia Records

One year of the great European war has brought changes in every line of business—changes for good and changed for the bad. In America the effect has been advantageous. Naturally, this has brought increased opportunities to Americans to hear more and better music than ever before.

Where such wide-spread opportunity is given the public to hear good music the result is a wide-spread desire to have good music in the home. The Columbia Graphophone October list contains an exceptionally fine collection.

Corinne Rider-Kelsey has been secured as an exclusive artist and sings her first records—two beautiful English ballads, Metcalf's "Absent" and Bartlett's "A Dream." The famous Spanish 'cellist, Pablo Casals, plays the "Bourree" from Bach's master 'cello concerto, the C Major Suite. George Barrere, the world's greatest flautist, also plays two delightful serenades; one by Haydn, the other by Pierne. *Advt.*

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Victor Records

The "Knowest Thou the Land" aria from Mignon by Farrar and Kreisler is one of the new Victor Records for September.

Frances Alda and Mischa Elman also contribute a splendid number, a modern French song. It is entitled "Thine Eyes."

Alma Gluck gives an exquisite presentation of Foster's beloved "Old Black Joe." Lucrezia Bori and Andrea de Segurola give a delightful performance of a quaint and beautiful Spanish "Zarzuela"; Julia Culp is peculiarly effective in her rendition of the noble Elijah air, "Oh Rest in the Lord"; and Margarete Ober sings the lovely "Angelic Voice" from Gioconda.

The vocal version of the beautiful "Blue Danube Waltz" is seldom given, but Frieda Hempel has made light of the obstacles and gives a superbly sung rendition of this fine Strauss vocal waltz. John McCormack sings splendidly a dainty number, "When My Ship Comes Sailing Home." *Advt.*

Touching The Interior

QUAINT bits picked up in odd corners of the earth give to an actress's home that "so different" air. Traveling as they do it is an easy matter for them to gather together wonderful and rare trifles, but the woman whose travels never lead her off the beaten track, and whose home needs just these "touches" can find the same treasures in the New York Shops.

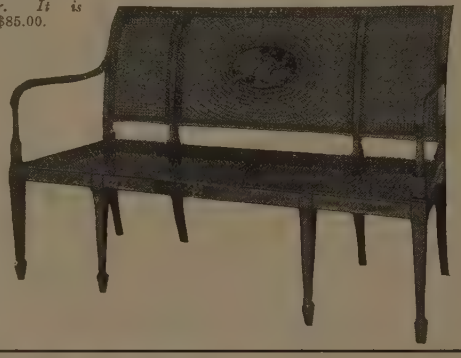
An arm chair, Sheridan in line, comes in the black Chinese lacquer now so much in vogue. The patient Mongolian fisherman as well as his two admirers and the surrounding scenery are raised and outlined in old gold and red. An antique old gold brocade covers the seat. $75.00. Hampton Shops.

An old oaken coffer, somewhat Stuart in character, is so carefully reproduced by the Hampton Shops that none of the charm of its antiquity is lost. It is made of oak—real old English oak—and its ancient iron hinges and gigantic locks might well guard even twentieth century treasure. $125.00.

Who has not admired those quaint old English shrub-tubs in which prim and properly clipped boxwood thrives so abundantly on London door steps. Copies made by the Aimone Galleries of inlaid mahogany, bound with solid brass hoops can be purchased for $12.00.

The original was made by Adam, but an exact copy as made by the Hampton Shops which sells for $135.00. This console, old ivory in color with gold relief, has a satinwood top, and being Adam, is, of course, hand painted.

Stately in line and Italian in workmanship, a "de Medici" council chair is made of walnut and hand-tooled leather. It is priced at $85.00.



In a reproduction of a famous old Adam seattle, a hand-painted medallion is held in place by a panel of "spider web" caning. Wonderfully colored in the shade of old parchmont, its quaint lines are further emphasized by outlines of the thinest of faded blue stripes. $100.00. Hampton Shops.

Red—and black—and gold—and Eastern, a bench of black Chinese lacquer has curiously carved dragons and delicate tracings of odd bits of Oriental scenery in gold. The damask top is red, brocaded in Chinese figures.

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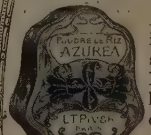

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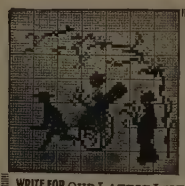

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Most collectors of anything are absolute *cranks* on genuineness. This particular stellar collector claims that there is only one thing that she insists on having genuine, and that is beauty.

In showing me her bronzes—a most remarkable collection—she pointed out the fact that many pieces among her collection, that cost infinitely more than others, were no more beautiful. She said: "I stumbled on the Artbronzes while shopping for a pair of bronze candlesticks, and these few things that I have chosen I consider worthy of a niche in my house. Their beauty is genuine."

I am reproducing some of the inexpensive ones.

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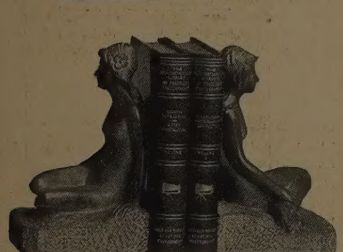

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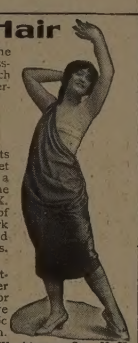

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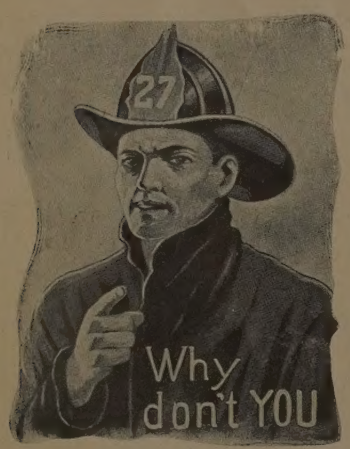

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Clothes Seen on the Stage

(*Continued from page 208*)

glistens delightfully! Materials, you see, simple enough in themselves but put together by master hands.

The little frock in which Miss Hedman makes her entrance in the first act, is of soft blue silk of some sort with net collars and cuffs, a frock dependent for its charm on perfection of line and detail of finish. Miss Hedman, by the way, is very fond of blue, the whole range of it from light to dark, and says she always has at least one shade in her personal wardrobe. "Blue brings me out," she said, "it intensifies the color of my eyes and the yellow of my hair. But I love pale greys and fawns, too."

Fawn is the color and gabardine the material of the last-act coat suit which we have sketched for you. You may see how simple is the idea of the circular jacket and skirt with its quota of buttons and yet how effective. With this suit Miss Hedman wears a brown velvet hat of sailor shape piped on the edge with brown leather and having a simulated brown leather wing flying off at one side.

THREE TYPES OF SKIRT.

The vacillation of skirts during the last year has been interesting to note. Wide overskirt over narrow, wide skirt alone, narrowing skirt, and now wide skirts very short, narrower ones and the wide overskirt over narrow appearing all together. After a somewhat extended observation I made an arbitrary law. The wide short skirts go with evening or more especially dancing frocks, the narrower, about two yards and a half around, with suits and the overskirt with one-piece dresses. (But the real point of importance is that there is plenty of range for individual preference.)

A beautiful one-piece dress that I saw at Russek's on Fifth Avenue had the skirt of this latter type. It was of dark brown silk velvet trimmed with beaver and gilt filigree ball buttons and had the semi-fitting Princess waist line. It would make an ideal frock for street wear on cool October days, especially for anyone whose type of figure needed trig lines to show it off to its best advantage.

Farther up the Avenue at Franklin Simon's a coat suit of a very dark brown gabardine bore out my classification having its skirt, though gathered on a yoke, not more than two yards and a half around the bottom. The whole model was a most unusual one, of beautiful simple lines, very reasonably priced. A convertible collar—the sketch shows how it may go either up or down for cold or temperate—of velvet in inch-wide brown and tan stripes was its particular feature; and the same model comes in black or blue gabardine with the collar in red and black stripes.

For dancing Franklin Simon was showing a frock whose color scheme was daring and yet entirely harmonious. A green silk net skirt, very full and short, hung over a yellow one and the bodice in deep points was embroidered in gold thread. A black tulle scarf went diagonally across the front and was fastened at shoulder and hip by what might have been small bunches of crimson rambler with one tiny insert of pale yellow.

At Maurice's a one-piece frock of blue gabardine and faille varied the overskirt idea by working it out in double flounces of the silk edged with gabardine, a long tunic hanging loose down the back.

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